#635 • January 18, 2002

Entertainment WEEKLY

THE OSCAR RACE BEGINS!

The Inside Track On the Leaders And Long Shots In This Year's Quest for Gold

Contenders
Will Smith of ALI
& Halle Berry
Of MONSTER'S
BALL

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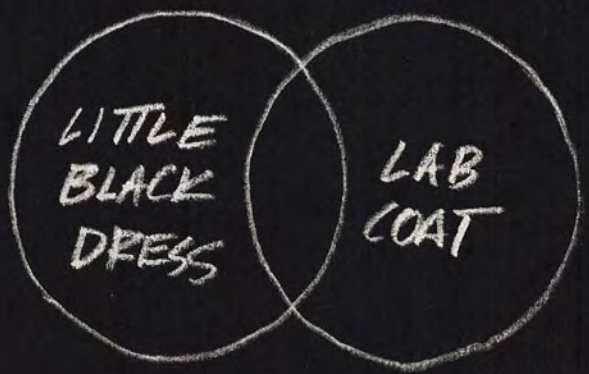
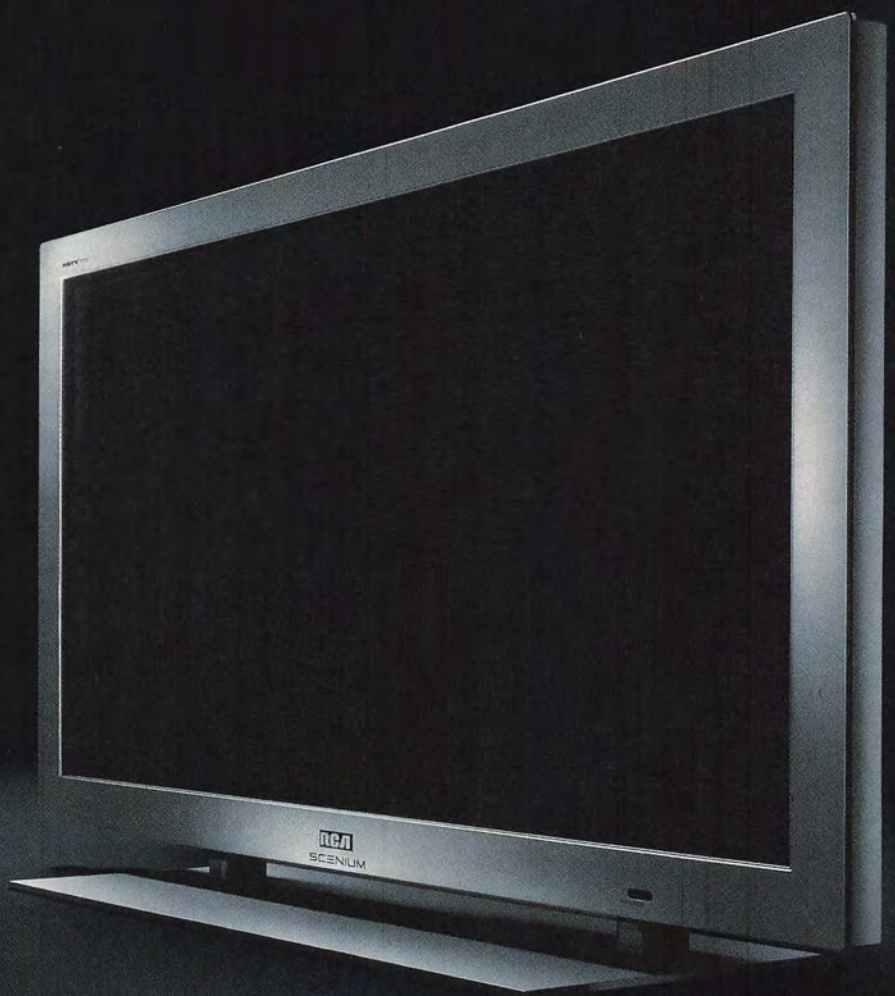
RCA SCENIUM





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Entertainment WEEKLY
FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 2002

22 **HAND IT TO THEM** Halle Berry and Will Smith may be cozying up to Oscars this year

NEWS & NOTES

6 Broadcast News The behind-the-scenes battle between CNN and Fox News hits the airwaves...Can Elvis make another comeback?...The lowdown on 'N Sync's cameo appearance in the new *Star Wars*...**Hot Sheet**...**Flashes**...**Monitor**.

22 Golden Opportunities As the Oscar race heats up, nominations seem likely for Will Smith and Halle Berry. And in a year this unpredictable, victory for the stars of *Ali* and *Monster's Ball* would taste especially sweet. **PLUS:** We forecast the nominees in eight major categories. BY DAVE KARGER & MARK HARRIS

36 Everybody Must Get Stone You may have never heard of her, but soul singer Angie Stone is on a roll. BY CHRIS WILLMAN

38 Salvation Army Ridley Scott and Jerry Bruckheimer go to Morocco to re-create a tragic Army mission for *Black Hawk Down*. BY CHRIS NASHAWATY

46 Hope & *Glory* *Dawson's Creek* creator Kevin Williamson hopes to make audiences scream again with his twisted new WB series, *Glory Days*. BY LYNETTE RICE

50 Nobody Beats the Wiz Veteran stage actor Ian McKellen casts a spell over audiences with *The Lord of the Rings*. BY GILLIAN FLYNN

REVIEWS

52 MOVIES
OWEN GLEIBERMAN on *Gosford Park*; also *Black Hawk Down*, *I Am Sam*, *Orange County*, and *Charlotte Gray*. **PLUS:** Reel World: A possible role for Hayden Christensen and a potential two-part *Potter* film.

59 VIDEO & DVD
SCOTT BROWN on *Glitter*. **PLUS:** Nostalgic DVD of the Week.

63 TELEVISION
KEN TUCKER on *Monday Night Mayhem*. **PLUS:** Stupid Questions for ex-Survivor Rudy Boesch; On the Air; What to Watch.

72 BOOKS
BRUCE FRETTS on Carl Hiaasen's *Basket Case*. **PLUS:** Between the Lines: J.R.R. Tolkien leads the holiday book-selling season; Gish Jen's The Book You Have to Read.

76 MUSIC
TY BURR on four new collections of chill-out music. **PLUS:** Hear & Now: The big winners in this year's Grammy nominations; You Oughta Know About...Citizen Cope.

82 INTERNET
GLENN GASLIN on the revival of vintage videogames. **PLUS:** Online filmmaking; Cybertalk.

DEPARTMENTS

15 THE SCOUT The return of the henley shirt; the bob on TV; Gimme Shelter.

17 ON LOCATION *The Royal Tenenbaums*' Wes Anderson gets in a skewed New York state of mind.

21 AWARDS The first AFI Awards turns out to be a poor alternative to the Golden Globes.

4 MAIL George Harrison.

84 ENCORE Jan. 15, 1981: *Hill Street Blues* debuts on NBC.

ON THE COVER

Halle Berry and Will Smith photographed for ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY by Lance Staedler in Los Angeles on Jan. 4

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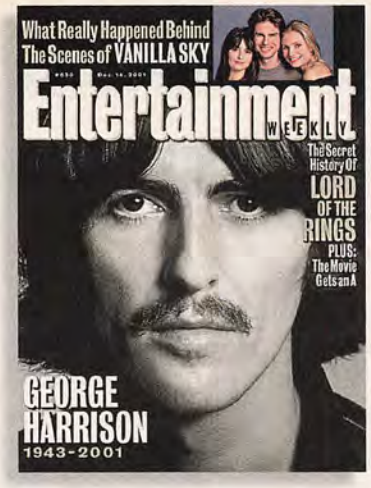
What Really Happened Behind The Scenes of VANILLA SKY
Entertainment WEEKLY
The Secret History Of LORD OF THE RINGS
PLUS: The Movie Gets an A
GEORGE HARRISON
1943-2001

MAIL **By George, you will be missed. Our cover story on the passing of George Harrison (#630, Dec. 14) inspired many fans to reflect on the former Beatle's talent, warmth, and spirituality. "Thank you for a wonderful tribute to this great legend we have lost," writes Kimberly Rimensnyder of Philadelphia. "George, his music, and his messages of peace and love will live in our hearts forever." Devotees of another British legend found bliss in our feature on J.R.R. Tolkien. Says Annie Stamell of Falmouth, Maine: "Kudos for your great coverage of *Lord of the Rings*. I am a die-hard Tolkien fan and was really pleased with your article on not only the best books ever, but on an amazing film as well." Elvish lives indeed.**

Our Sweet George

THANK YOU FOR PAYING homage to George Harrison, the truest Beatle of them all. Since the news broke that we had lost such a charismatic and loving figure, the world has only embraced the oft-overlooked genius of George Harrison. Though he will always be known as the baby brother of the Beatles, George was always true to himself and thus admirable to the end.

JOHN FONTANA
webmaster@beatlelyrics.com
Palm Harbor, Fla.

BLESS YOU FOR PLACING George Harrison on your cover! I know some young reader will ask "Who was George Harrison?" Let's not answer "He was the quiet Beatle." Let's educate our young, wean them off Britney Spears and 'N Sync, and introduce them to songs like "Here Comes the Sun" and "My Sweet Lord." I eagerly await his final album and suggest everyone give it a listen.

AMY L. CARDINALETTI
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Hazel Park, Mich.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR IN-depth tribute to the life and music of George Harrison. The phrase the "quiet Beatle" also applied to his solo career. While George never achieved the respect his bandmates did, his melodies rivaled anything Paul McCartney produced, and his lyrics could be as biting as John Lennon's. I will continue to play Harrison's CDs and each time say "Thank you, George."

MARK FRICKE
mfricke@huskernews.com
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Tolkien of Appreciation

THANK YOU FOR THE ARticle about J.R.R. Tolkien, which was sensitive to the heart of the man and his books ("Elvish Lives!"). The *Lord of the Rings* movies will succeed only insofar as they portray that heart. Rather than overdosing on articles about the films' technical aspects, Tolkien newcomers and fans alike might be best served by reading Jeff Gordinier's story.

MERLIN DeTARDO
Cleveland

Bill of Goods

BILL O'REILLY'S CRITICISM of George Clooney was best supported by the comment made by the September 11th Fund rep (News & Notes): "Most stars have neither the knowledge nor time to monitor the charity." If this is true, then what business do celebrities have soliciting money from hardworking Americans? Stars just wanted to give their consciences a rub; they didn't expect to be held accountable for anything they espoused.

NATALIE BUSH
Spanish Fork, Utah

You Ken Count on Him

WHAT A GREAT ESSAY BY Ken Tucker on all the *Law & Orders* (Television)! His creative descriptions of actors, such as Jamey Sheridan as a "snowy owl," are dead-on. I agree with his grades, too, in that *L&O* has the most intriguing plotlines, but *Criminal Intent* is the most entertaining due to D'Onofrio's virtuoso performances.

FLORENCE DAWSON
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Coral Gables, Fla.

Game, Set, and 'Match'

KUDOS TO *EW* FOR BRINGING the kitschy cable channel the Game Show Network from cable obscurity to the pages of the magazine (Biz). I was disappointed, however, that Nicholas Fonseca didn't mention the cheesefest that was Gene Rayburn's *The Match Game*. Between Nipsey Russell's poems and Charles Nelson Reilly's hairpiece, there is no better example of pure American fluff.

ERIC SCHIFFER
Westminster, Calif.

CORRECTIONS: *We misspelled Alfonso Soriano's name (Television). We mistitled the book* Autobiography of a Yogi *(George Harrison, 1943–2001).*

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True View

Visit *www.ew.com/tv* for the latest online-only TV news and reviews, including:

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ST BLOOD: CNN SWIPES PAULA ZAHN PAYBACK TIME: GRETA GOES TO FOX WAR ALERT: AFGHANIST

BROADCAST BLUES

CNN and Fox News Channel trade barbs and talking heads.

by Scott Brown

IT WAS THE ZIPPER HEARD round the world. • Over the weekend of Jan. 4, CNN ran—then quickly pulled—a controversial promo for *American Morning With Paula Zahn*. Over close-ups of Zahn, a narrator asks: "Where can you find a morning news anchor who's provocative, supersmart, oh yeah, and just a little sexy?" Then comes the much-contested noise, which CNN archrival Fox News Channel likens to a zipper, but which CNN (owned by EW parent company AOL Time Warner) claims is a scratching-record sound effect.

CNN chairman **Walter Isaacson** released a statement Jan. 7 calling the spot "a major blunder" and claiming it wasn't seen by anyone outside the promotions department before it aired. But the damage was already done. Over at Fox News, anchor **Brit Hume** offered a mock apology that his newscast was "not even a little bit sexy" and included—as a coup de grâce—the "zipper" sound.

Even in the middle of an actual war, the battle between CNN and Fox News for domestic cable news supremacy has become increasingly personal. Consider CNN's September hiring of Zahn (whom Fox fired after getting wind of the courtship) and Fox's Jan. 2 nabbing of 10-year CNN vet **Greta Van Susteren**—a move widely seen as retaliation. (Fox will pay Van Susteren about $900,000, just beating CNN's counteroffer in cash compensation.) Then there's the spat that erupted after CNN's **Aaron Brown** spotlighted a war-reporting gaffe by Fox's **Geraldo Rivera** on the air. (Fox News declined to comment, saying "We'd rather not extend Aaron Brown's 15 minutes of fame.")

And it's not just the troops who are hurling brickbats. Fox News president **Roger Ailes**, who once compared Zahn's ratings-getting ability to that of "a dead raccoon," recently predicted that Fox News would soon top CNN in ad revenue. In response, Turner Broadcasting chairman/CEO **Jamie Kellner** (who oversees CNN) told *The New York Times*: "I'm sure [Ailes] also believes he's better-looking than **Tom Cruise**."

All the verbal grenades come at a tense time in cable news. The 21-year-old CNN maintains an edge with both a larger viewership and higher ad revenues (it outstrips Fox News in the latter by either $144 million or $23 million, depending on

KING: STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM; ZAHN: JEAN CATUFFE/SIPA PRESS; BROWN: GREGORY HEISLER; VAN SUSTEREN: ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS; RIVERA: MIKE GUASTELLA/WIREIMAGE.COM

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY JOE ZEFF

whether you believe Competitive Media Research or Nielsen Media Research, which gets its figures from the nets themselves). But CNN faces stiffening competition from 5-year-old Fox News, where **Bill O'Reilly**'s *The O'Reilly Factor* draws an estimated 20 million viewers per week—the highest of any show on either network. "Fox News carved out its niche with personality programming. [**Sean**] **Hannity**! O'Reilly! Zahn!" notes Matthew Felling of the Center for Media and Public Affairs. "Instead of focusing on news, they were focusing on people. So CNN retaliated with Aaron! Greta! **Larry** [**King**]!"

Of course, one problem with valued personalities is that they know they're valued—and the climate of free agency leads to defections like the Zahn–Van Susteren swap. "I wouldn't be surprised to see a few more people jump ship in what has become a pretty lucrative bidding war," says *Washington Post* media critic (and host of CNN's *Reliable Sources*) **Howard Kurtz**. "Picking off the other guy's star is often easier than developing your own."

Still, even after hiring Van Susteren and CNN Afghanistan correspondent **Steve Harrigan**, Fox News believes raiding has its limits. "Of the 4,000 people they have, we've hired the two we wanted," says Fox exec VP of programming **Kevin Magee**. "Larry King continues to draw a good audience for them. After that, the list gets pretty lean pretty quick." Asked if he would try to nab King when the talk baron's contract ends next year, Magee says, "You never know." (CNN had no comment.)

With all the cross-pollination in the air, are these bitter foes actually converging? Interestingly, both networks claim the other is stealing a page from *them*. "With the hiring of Greta Van Susteren...Fox is trying to present themselves as a news network instead of just an opinion network," says Turner Broadcasting exec VP **Brad Turell**. And Magee suggests the ill-fated Zahn promo underscores CNN's efforts to play the personality game, though he notes: "I don't think I'd put a spot on the air in which I put...*sexy* across my anchor."

Guess they'll have to find some other way to add *zzzip* to their newscasts. ■

RERELEASE ME

HE MAY BE DEAD, BUT ELVIS PRESLEY—AND THE ESTATE that controls his multimillion-dollar legacy—can still sing the blues. • On Jan. 8, Graceland observed what would have been Presley's 67th birthday. But the celebration was hounded by the dogged economic climate: In November, following a two-year decline in tourism (down 15 percent in 2001 to about 600,000 visitors), Graceland laid off 50 from its full-time staff of 350. And worse, Presley's fans aren't getting any younger. To survive, the estate must figure out how to make a King-size ransom from the MTV generation.

Since it's now or never, here's the plan: This fall, RCA plans to release a single-disc collection of 30 chart-topping Elvis songs modeled on the Beatles' *1*, which has sold 8 million copies since its 2000 release. The new Elvis compilation is part of a yearlong marketing campaign to lure chart-swaying youngsters. "Clearly if we want to see a level of success that's similar to the Beatles', then we have to reach the 14- to 25-year-old consumer," says RCA general manager Richard Sanders.

An Elvis relaunch may be more overdue than that Lisa Marie solo album. In an EW survey of 100 *TRL* fans in Times Square, 82 recognized Britney Spears' recent Las Vegas rhinestone getup as an Elvis homage—though only a handful admitted to being devotees. "I guess he's timeless," says Venancia Cruz, 20, of Boston, "but I don't like him that much." According to Vince Szydlowski, director of product for Virgin Megastores North America, Elvis sales spike after movie marathons on cable. But for the most part, he says, "what RCA has done more is cater to the collector."

The demands of Elvis aficionados explain why the estate keeps refurbishing his work, usually in time for anniversaries. Next year should bring expanded video versions of two TV concerts, his 1968 comeback special and 1973's *Aloha From Hawaii*. And with 2004 marking the 50th anniversary of the start of Presley's musical career, Graceland is hoping to finally begin production on a long-delayed multipart TV documentary.

What could really lure younger listeners is this summer's animated Disney musical *Lilo & Stitch*, about a Hawaiian girl who befriends a troublemaking alien. In addition to a Presley-packed soundtrack and numerous references to the King—including a cartoon trip to Graceland—the film boasts a toy tie-in with McDonald's. Just wait till kids get their hands on those fried peanut-butter-and-banana Big Macs. *—Brian M. Raftery, with additional reporting by Malcolm Venable and Kelly Woo*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PYLE

jim mullen's

HOT Sheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 Queen Elizabeth Brits are upset over a not-so-flattering official painting of Her Majesty. Wait, that's a photograph!

2 Nick Carter The youngest Backstreet Boy got arrested at a Florida nightclub. He walked under the "You have to be this tall before you can drink here" sign.

3 *Sex and the City* A half hour a week of sex divided by 8 million people? That sounds about right.

4 Gay TV Showtime and MTV are reportedly in talks to create a gay television network. They're developing an original series called *Barbra Streisand on Ice*.

5 Michael Jordan's divorce It's sad. When the lawyers get finished, basketball shoes are going to cost us $200 a pair.

◂ 6 Muhammad Ali's 60th birthday They say he's hoping to get a George Foreman Grill.

7 The Golden Globes Isn't that the name of the new Britney Spears tour?

8 Robert James Waller He's written a sequel even more exciting than *The Bridges of Madison County*. *The Phone Book of Madison County*.

9 Yves Saint Laurent The fashion legend has quit the couture business. To become the country-music singer he's always wanted to be.

10 Ted Turner He's opening a restaurant chain serving buffalo meat. If you like the wings, you'll love the ribs.

11 *Roots: Celebrating 25 Years* The landmark miniseries will be remembered by some of its stars. Because many people under 25 think it was a gardening show.

12 *Brotherhood of the Wolf* An ultraviolent French film about an unknown creature preying on the peasantry. The screaming has been dubbed into English.

13 Lemony Snicket His best-selling children's stories don't have happy beginnings, middles, or endings. Who needs him? Just buy a newspaper.

14 *The Chair* A game show where you lose money if you get excited. Practice this: "Rats, I just won a million dollars."

15 *Star Wars: Episode II* Two fans are already waiting in line outside a Seattle theater for the May 16 opening. Yet they didn't have to cancel one date.

***STAR* POWER** A trio of 'N Syncers emulate Ewan McGregor

KNIGHT MOVES

STAR WARS WATCH

IN A DEVELOPMENT THAT'S shaken *Star Wars* fans to their geeky cores, Lucasfilm confirms that **'N Sync** members will make a split-second appearance in *Episode II—Attack of the Clones*. **Lance Bass** tells EW the group was at **George Lucas'** California sound studios last fall touching up their March concert video, *Pop Odyssey Live*. After **Joey Fatone** told a studio worker the boys are big *Wars* fans, producer **Rick McCallum** enlisted them to play Jedi Knights alongside hundreds of extras. Lucasfilm spokeswoman Lynne Hale insists Lucas' daughters—fans of the quintet—had nothing to do with the invite. She adds that 'N Sync join a long list of *Star Wars* cameos. (Remember **E.T.** in *Episode I*, along with **Roman** and **Sofia Coppola**?)

Don't try to spot all five: They have no dialogue, the scene is a quickie, and, according to Bass, "there was only room for four guys." **Justin Timberlake** was MIA for the December shoot and Bass had a scheduling conflict. "I gave the scene to Steve, Joey's brother," he says. "It broke my heart." His...and thousands of fans, who hit the Internet calling for the demise of 'N Sync—and Lucas. But online movie guru **Harry Knowles** calls for calm in the galaxy: "You could put **Phyllis Diller** in a cantina scene and it would *not* ruin the film." —*Nicholas Fonseca*

CRITICAL MESS

PARAMOUNT HAS NO PLANS TO CHANGE ITS PRINT ADS FOR THE Colin Hanks comedy *Orange County*, even though they contain an effusive blurb from one Richard Reid. Fortunately, he isn't the suspected terrorist (left) who allegedly tried to detonate a shoe bomb on a Dec. 22 American Airlines flight. Instead, he's a 37-year-old reporter for the Seattle-based NorthWest Cable News. "It's a bizarre coincidence," says the critic (right) of his namesake. "I was dumbstruck and blown away, no pun intended." Where's a fictional critic like David Manning when you need him? —*Clarissa Cruz*

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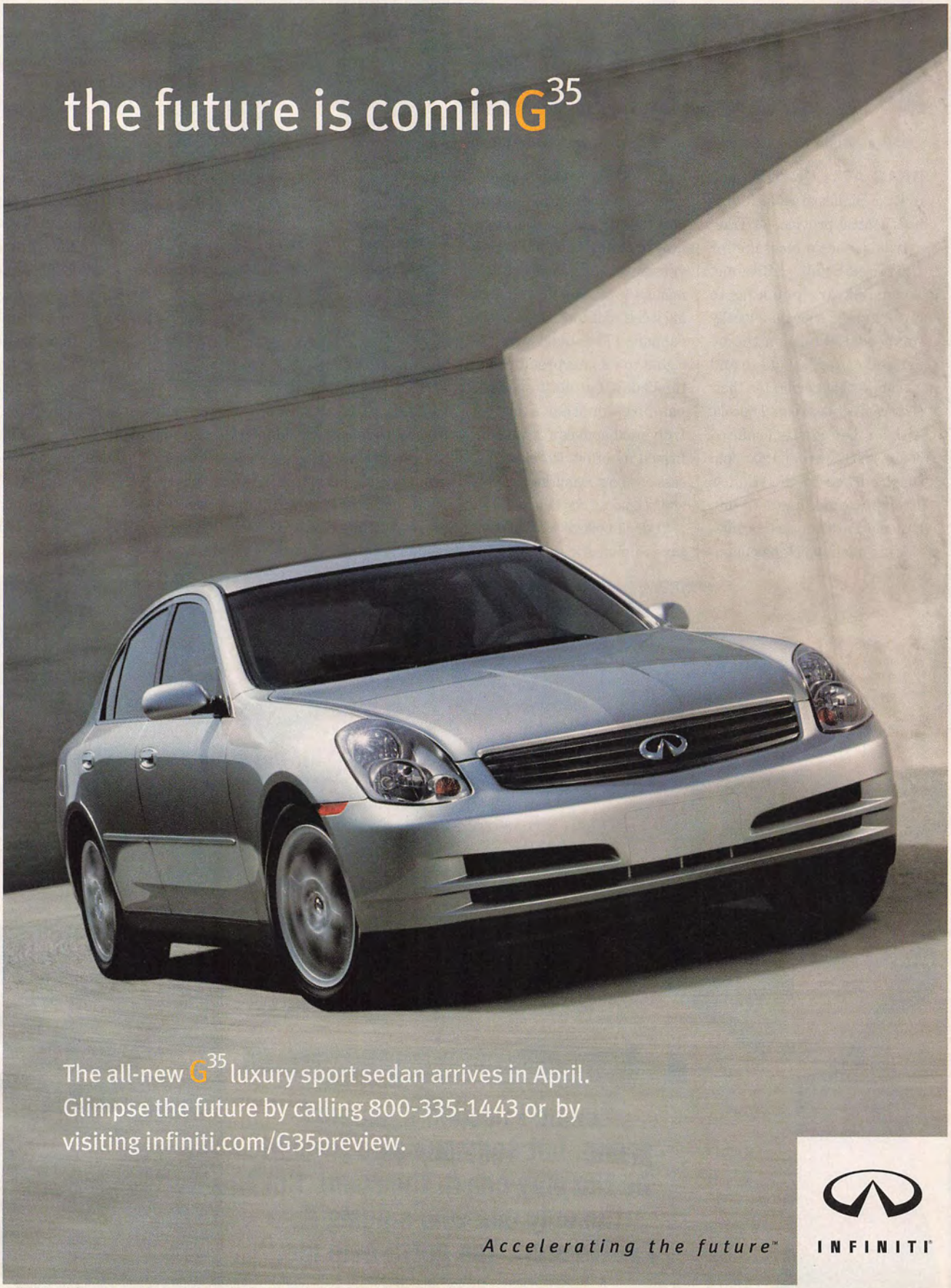
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Flashes

LUGOSI IN 'DRACULA'

DRAC ATTACK The small town of Sighisoara—in Romania's central province of Transylvania—has a message for Universal Studios: Bite me. Townsfolk are planning to break ground soon on a locally financed $30 million theme park—set for a 2003 grand opening—that celebrates their nocturnal native, Count Dracula, with a roller coaster, haunted house, golf course, and zoo. And they're irked by the studio's attempt to sink its teeth into Dracula Park's future profits.

Universal, which has popularized **Bram Stoker**'s cruel count in seven films—from **Bela Lugosi**'s 1931 classic, *Dracula*, to **Frank Langella**'s 1979 version—sent a letter to Romania's tourism office reminding locals of its, uh, stake in the vampire. (The studio owns the rights to its interpretations of the baddie but not to generic vampires in other films.) A Universal spokeswoman confirmed its effort to "open discussion about acquiring...rights and licensing" for Dracula.

"I don't believe we will pay," says Simion Alb, a Romanian tourism official who fears royalty payments would bleed the recession-burdened local economy. He hints that their Drac may be less Armani, more Attila—closer to the medieval prince Vlad the Impaler on whom Stoker's count was purportedly based. "We don't need Universal to impose *their* Dracula."

Besides the copyright fight, Dracula Park faces more controversy. Purists fear that the park—which will also include a "Medieval Main Street" for shopping and shows—may further blur the line between fiction and Transylvania's actual history. "They will give the tourists what they want," sighs **Elizabeth Miller**, an English prof at the Memorial University of Newfoundland who's written four books on Dracula, "which is Mickey Mouse with fangs." —*David Koeppel*

EW CRIB SHEET: 'MONSTER' MASH

MONSTER'S BALL	MONSTERS, INC.
Billy Bob Thornton plays Hank Grotowski, an oft-jaded blue-collar laborer.	Billy Crystal plays Mike Wazowski, an oft-elated blue-collar laborer.
Grotowski delights in scaring neighboring children.	Wazowski delights in scaring slumbering children.
Grotowski has one eye on his racist father and one on his hooker-hiring son.	Wazowski has one eye.
Features Halle Berry's breasts.	Features very happy beasts. —*Brian M. Raftery*

BURNING QUESTION

Q In the Jan. 13 episode of *Sex and the City*, John Corbett seems surprised by fiancée Sarah Jessica Parker's decision to wear her engagement ring on a chain around her neck. Is her choice a (gasp!) fashion faux pas? **A** Carrie on: "As etiquette does not receive a cut from the jewelry business," rules Judith Martin (a.k.a. Miss Manners), "it does not even require a ring to seal an engagement and has no objection if the young lady wishes to swallow it in order to keep it nearer to her liver." Traditionally, brides-to-be wear their diamonds on their left ring finger as—goes the legend—a vein there leads directly to the heart (in fact, all veins do). But *Modern Bride* editor Antonia van der Meer predicts: "She will want to wear it on her hand—because it's so easy." —*Kelly Choi (Send your queries to* BurningQuestions@ew.com*)*

◂◂ random quote

"I said I needed a support group, but someone said I would be the only one in the room. I'm the only one who's doing it. I gotta stop. You gotta help me."

—*Kate & Leopold*'s MEG RYAN, on halting her run in romantic comedies

LUGOSI: PHOTOFEST; *MONSTER'S BALL*: LOUISE BULLIARD; *MONSTERS, INC.*: © DISNEY/PIXAR; *SEX AND THE CITY*: CRAIG BLANKENHORN

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For Sexual Content

Monitor

WEDDINGS He found a love. On Jan. 1, blues rocker **Eric Clapton**, 56, married graphic artist Melia McEnery, 26, in Ripley, England. This is his second marriage. The newlyweds have a daughter, Julie Rose, born last June; Clapton has a daughter from a previous relationship.

ENGAGED Longtime lothario **Charlie Sheen** (*Spin City*), 36, and **Denise Richards** (*Valentine*), 30, announced their engagement Jan. 8. The couple, who recently appeared together on *City*, haven't set a date. This will be his second marriage, her first.

EXPECTING Think of the dirty-diaper jokes. **Chris Rock**, 35, and styleWorks-charity-exec wife Malaak Compton-Rock, 31, will welcome their first child this summer.

AILING During a Dec. 19 operation in Phoenix to treat an infection, doctors amputated the left foot of country outlaw **Waylon Jennings**, 64. Jennings, a diabetic, will resume touring in the spring with a prosthetic foot, says his spokeswoman.

CONTROVERSY The title of Iranian director **Mohsen Makhmalbaf**'s *Kandahar* isn't the only thing ripped from the headlines. Authorities say **Hassan Tantai**, who plays a compassionate doctor in the film, is David Belfield (a.k.a. Daoud Salahuddin), 51, a fugitive accused of murder. Maryland state attorney Douglas F. Gansler says Belfield, an African American who converted to Islam in college, is wanted for the 1980 assassination of a former Iranian official in Bethesda. After the shooting, Belfield allegedly moved to Iran, which has no extradition agreement with the U.S. Said Makhmalbaf in a statement, "I never ask those who act in my films what they have done before."...

On Jan. 5, historian and best-selling author **Stephen Ambrose** (*Band of Brothers*), 66, admitted that his new book—*The Wild Blue*, about WWII bomber pilots—includes passages lifted from 1995's *Wings of Morning* by **Thomas Childers**, 55. In a statement, Ambrose said, "I made a mistake for which I am sorry." Future editions will credit Childers.... **Al Gore** would be proud: On Jan. 7, the Screen Actors Guild election committee, chaired by actor **Fred Savage**, 25, threw out the November presidential victory of **Melissa Gilbert**, 37, over three opponents, including **Valerie Harper**, 61. It cited procedural errors by the polling firm and three union execs. Gilbert will remain prez until revoting ends in April.

COURTS Backstreet's back, all right...in trouble. On Jan. 2 in Tampa, **Backstreet Boys'** youngest member, **Nick Carter**, 21, was charged with resisting an officer without violence, a misdemeanor. Carter, arguing with a woman at Pop City nightclub, ignored an officer's many orders to leave, say police. The singer, who could face a year in jail, will have a court hearing March 4. In a statement, Carter said, "I truly believe my celebrity motivated the officer to arrest me."

DEPARTURES On Jan. 7, ABC cochairman **Stu Bloomberg**, 52, stepped down from his post of 2½ years. A 22-year ABC vet responsible for such hits as *The Wonder Years* and *Roseanne*, Bloomberg will be replaced by ABC's executive VP of movies and miniseries, **Susan Lyne**, 51. Lyne is the former *Village Voice* editor who created *Premiere* magazine. ABC's viewership has tumbled nearly 25 percent this season, as *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* loses steam.... The runway weeps: On Jan. 7, designer **Yves Saint Laurent**, 65, announced his retirement. His French haute couture house—where he created the landmark women's tuxedo in 1966 and introduced the first see-through blouse—will close its doors. The ready-to-wear YSL line—in Gucci's hands since 1999—will continue production. In a statement, Gucci chief designer **Tom Ford** called Saint Laurent "a great inspiration."

SHEEN AND RICHARDS

THOMAS

CARTER

ROCK AND COMPTON-ROCK

JENNINGS

DEATHS Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers owner-pitchman **Dave Thomas**, 69, of liver cancer, Jan. 8, in Fort Lauderdale. Thomas, who in 1969 launched the fast-food chain and named it after his daughter, made more than 800 droll, folksy TV spots beginning in 1989.... Bassist **Zac Foley**, 31, who played with Brit dance-rock quintet EMF (1991's "Unbelievable"), of undisclosed causes, Jan. 3, in London.... Model-actress **Catya Sassoon** (*Bloodfist VI: Ground Zero*), 33, eldest daughter of hairstylist Vidal Sassoon and actress Beverly Adams Sassoon, of unknown causes, Jan. 1, in L.A.... Disney writer-director **David Swift** (*Pollyanna*, *The Parent Trap*), 82, who helped create TV's *Mr. Peepers*, of a heart attack, Dec. 31, in L.A.... Film producer **Jack Grossberg** (*Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *The Producers*), 74, of undisclosed causes, Dec. 28, in L.A.... British writer **Ian Hamilton**, 63, of undisclosed causes, Dec. 27, in London. In 1987, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a ruling that his book *J.D. Salinger: A Writer's Life* infringed on the recluse's copyright by using his letters without permission. Hamilton later wrote *In Search of J.D. Salinger*, a first-person account of his hunt for the author. —*Nicholas Fonseca and Gregory Kirschling*

SHEEN AND RICHARDS: GALE ADLER; THOMAS: PR NEWSWIRE PHOTO SERVICE; CARTER: LISA O'CONNOR/ZUMA PRESS; ROCK AND COMPTON-ROCK: JEAN-PAUL AUSSENARD/WIREIMAGE.COM; JENNINGS: MORRISON-WULFRAAT/RETNA

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THE MOTHMAN PROPHECIES

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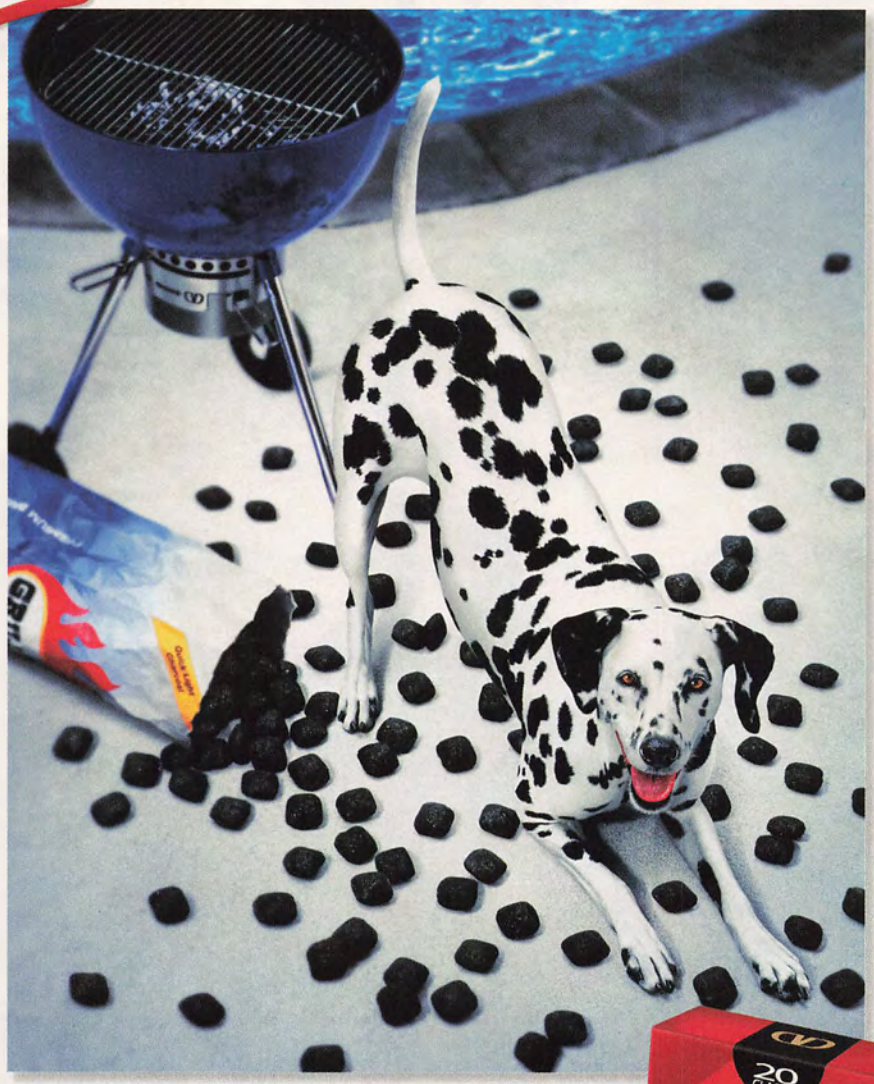

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The SCOUT

EW'S FIELD GUIDE TO THE NEXT NEW THINGS

PRADA

Shirt So Good

Even designers know that history tends to repeat itself. Perhaps that's why houses like Dolce & Gabbana and Marc Jacobs are reviving the classic henley shirt. Cameos in recent period flicks have only helped the retro trend along: **Ewan McGregor** sports a henley in *Moulin Rouge*'s belle epoque, while **Benjamin Bratt** wears one in the '70s-era biopic *Piñero*. "It's a staple of fashion, and designers are now reinterpreting it," says John Birmingham, editor in chief of the fashion trade *DNR*. The not-so-distant cousin to the T-shirt cropped up at several men's fashion shows last year, from Jil Sander to Kenneth Cole to Prada, which offers a luxurious cashmere version for $930. "Men are looking for ways to dress up their wardrobe; henleys are form-fitting, body-conscious, even sexy," says Birmingham. Now *that's* a history lesson worth learning. —*Sunny Lee*

BRATT

THE SHAW REPORT by Jessica Shaw

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Jennifer Connelly	Jennifer Lopez	Jennifer Love Hewitt
Earmuffs	Super-long scarves	Hunting hats
Hallmark Channel	Oxygen	Lifetime
Green-tinted sunglasses	Blue-tinted sunglasses	Yellow-tinted sunglasses

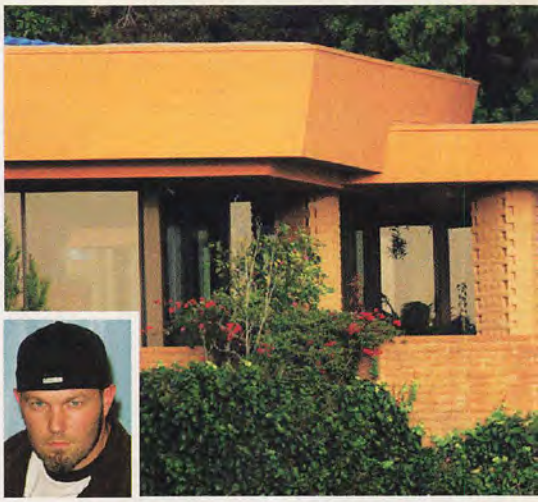
Sharp Cuts

Friends' Rachel may have grown hers out, but the bob is still getting serious TV hairplay. Sela Ward recently revealed a smart, layered cut on *Once and Again*, and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s Sarah Michelle Gellar hacked off her Rapunzel tresses in a post-Spike panic attack during the show's Jan. 8 episode. Next on the chopping block? *Sex and the City* hair-oine Sarah Jessica Parker, whose new tousled bob will be seen soon—but probably without any plotline to-do. Says an HBO rep: "It's really no big deal." For Aidan's sake, let's hope Mr. Big agrees. —*Missy Schwartz*

WARD

GELLAR

PARKER



GIMME SHELTER

Rocker's retreat! 4 BR, 5.5 BTH one-story spread in Bel Air **PRICE** $3.99 million. Limp Bizkit frontman Fred Durst is livin' large. Just four months after throwing down nearly $4 million for a home in L.A.'s tony west-side 'hood, Durst is selling the place. Why? It ain't his style. (He's now looking for an authentic Spanish-style dwelling.) The sale house, meanwhile, was built in 1969 for Robby Krieger of the Doors. (Joe Babajian and Kevin Watson of Prudential Estates have the listing.) The entire 6,700-square-foot home wraps around a large courtyard with a pool, spa, and outdoor bar. Inside there's a media room and a state-of-the-art stereo system. If that's not enough inspiration for a musician, there's also a stone wall carved with a mural of the Doors. —*Tricia Johnson*

PHRASE OF THE WEEK

JUMP THE SHARK The moment a TV show, movie franchise, or music group loses its cultural relevance. (Example: "Boy, *Survivor* really jumped the shark when they drank that cow blood.") Derived from a *Happy Days* episode in which greaser Fonzie literally jumped over a shark while waterskiing. See also: *over* and *so last season*.

HOUSE: PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN ALCORN/ZUMA PRESS; DURST: DOUG PETERS/ALL ACTION/RETNA; BRATT: ABBOT GENSER; WARD: PAUL SMITH/FEATUREFLASH/RETNA; GELLAR: RICHARD CARTWRIGHT; PARKER: DIMITRIOS KAMBOURIS/FASHION WIRE DAILY/RETNA

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Kin of New York

ON LOCATION **Wes Anderson creates a fantasy Gotham for his odd family fable *The Royal Tenenbaums*.** **by Daniel Fierman**

IN SUGAR HILL, HARLEM, ON THE SOUTHEAST corner of Convent Avenue and 144th Street, stands an elegant brownstone. ◆ Inside, the walls have been painted pink. Entire rooms have been ripped apart and redecorated with intricate murals featuring cartoonish tennis players floating against sky-blue backgrounds. Odd knickknacks have been carefully placed everywhere: ancient *Forbes* magazine binders; stacks of vintage board games; shelves of plays by Brecht, Shaw, and Sophocles; grade-school drawings of spaceships and aliens with goofy names like "System Destroyer" and "Cosmic Warriors." Piece by piece, writer-director Wes Anderson has built an oversize dollhouse to showcase his latest creation, the Tenenbaum family.

In the room reserved for cast and crew, the architect of this odd world sits on a tattered couch. Wearing a blue puffy jacket and chunky, clear-rimmed glasses, he's the shy kindergarten kid who played with bugs. His feet are propped against a coffee table, knees pressed together in lieu of a writing desk. He eyes the pad on his lap warily.

"I'm trying to write a scene," he says, removing his specs. "I wanted to wing it. But the [assistant director] said I had to write it out."

A crew member snickers. As if a control freak like Anderson has ever really *winged* anything.

THE ANDERSON MYTH—HOW he met Owen Wilson in a University of Texas writing class, how they became friends and creative collaborators, how Owen introduced him to brother Luke and how, with the help of *Taxi* creator James L. Brooks, they made a little movie called *Bottle Rocket* in 1996, then a bigger one on their own called *Rushmore* in 1998—has been told again and again. The success of *Rushmore* was far ranging—earning everything from major critics awards for costar Bill Murray to an invite for the young filmmakers to whip up parodies for the MTV Movie Awards. The *Bottle Rocket* boys' entry into elite circles was preternaturally quick, almost as precocious as the former child savants

FATHER KNOWS WORST **Gene Hackman comes home to Ben Stiller, Jonah Meyerson, Grant Rosenmeyer, and Gwyneth Paltrow**

JAMES HAMILTON

who grapple with the return of their father in their latest film, *The Royal Tenenbaums*.

"It came time to do something new, and Owen was always telling me I should do something on my parents' divorce," says the 32-year-old Anderson, who has cowritten all of his films with the middle Wilson child. "I mean, that scene in the beginning where the three kids are talking to the father about divorce came from a conversation my brothers and I had with my father. The answers were nothing like the answers my father gave, but that's where it started."

"Wes and I drove from the Toronto film festival to New York after *Rushmore* premiered and he said he wanted to do a movie with me in New York," remembers Luke Wilson (not the blond one). "He and my brother only had 35 pages for, like, a year."

What finally evolved was a story about a family of geniuses living in a kind of dream New York of dented gypsy cabs, archaeological digs, and nearly real places like the 375th Street Y. It was a tale with deep literary influences, from the subtle (children's books like E.L. Konigsburg's *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler*) to the obvious (J.D. Salinger's fictional Glass family). "Salinger was *the* inspiration," explains Houston native Anderson. "It was New York to me before I knew New York."

The director assembled a glittery ensemble, a testament to how much Hollywood fell for 1998's *Rushmore*. Anjelica Huston, Ben Stiller, Gwyneth Paltrow, Danny Glover, and Alec Baldwin all joined previous Anderson collaborators like Murray, Seymour Cassel, and, of course, the Wilson brothers (including eldest sibling Andrew, who plays Margot Tenenbaum's axe-wielding biological father). But harder to get was Gene Hackman, for whom Anderson and Wilson had written the title role. "He wasn't going to do *Tenenbaums*," remembers Owen Wilson of his *Behind Enemy Lines* costar. "It was during [*Behind Enemy Lines*] that Wes wore him down. Gene had already done two movies [back-to-back], and he wanted a break." Says Anderson: "Hackman's no teddy bear. But we needed him. And we got him."

***ROYAL* FLUSH (1) Stiller, Glover, Paltrow, and Huston have a relaxing dining experience; (2) Anderson (right) powwows with Owen Wilson**

Anderson then moved to Harlem and set about constructing his intensely detailed world. Says Paltrow, who plays Margot, the adopted Tenenbaum, "We were having lunch and he was like, 'I want your hair to be *exactly that color*,' and pointed to my Helmut Lang camel-colored leather blazer."

"He does go into enormous detail, but at very unexpected moments, over unexpected things," seconds Olivia Williams, who costarred in *Rushmore* and shot a cameo for *Tenenbaums* (she played Owen Wilson's wife but was subsequently cut). "The precise inflection of a line or the position of a cigarette. Everything [is in his head]. Every single thing. Colors, shapes, clothes, blocking."

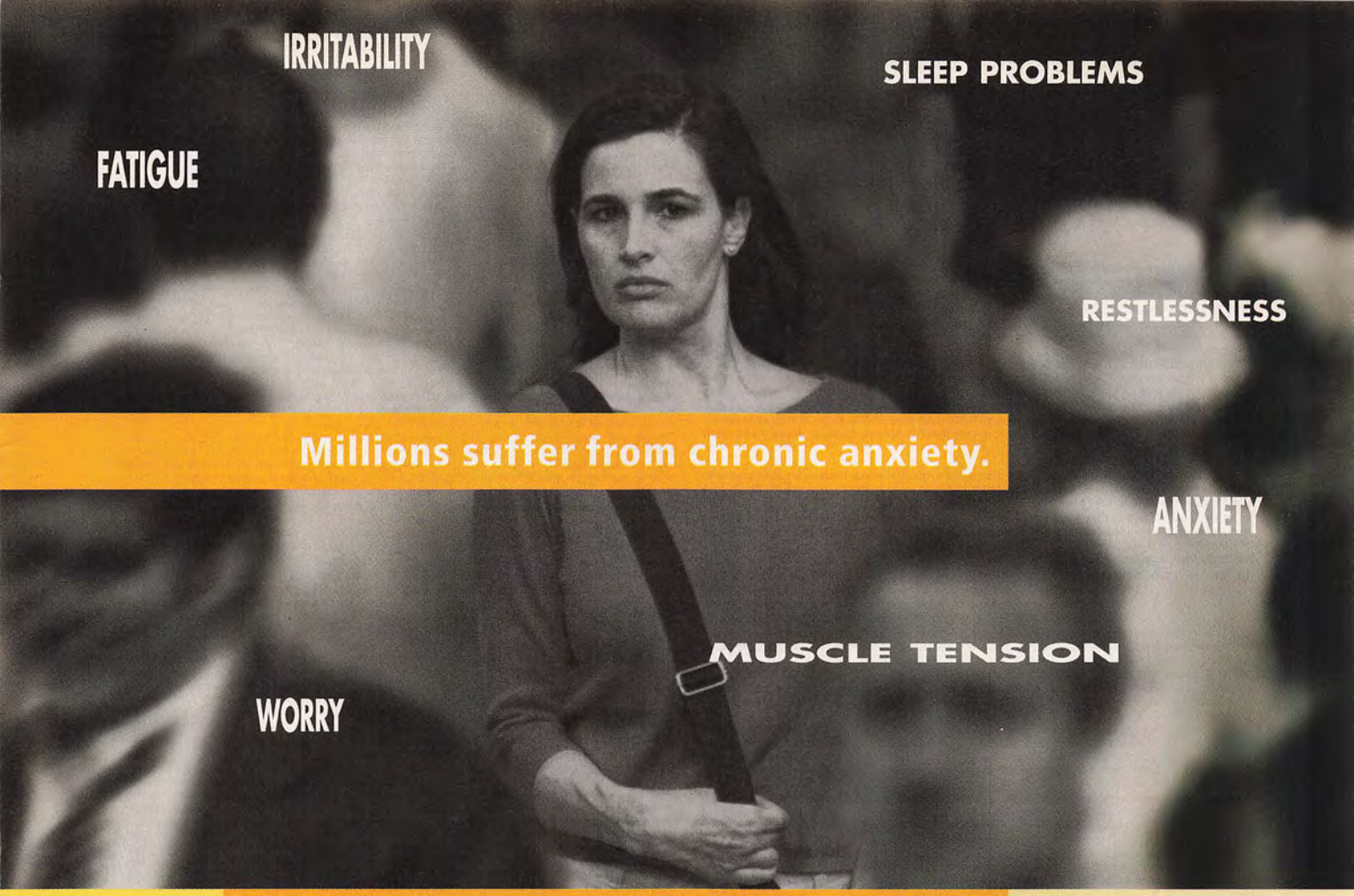
It's a control that bespeaks the deeply personal nature of Anderson's work. His mother, like Huston's Etheline Tenenbaum, is an archaeologist; she even provided the actress with her 1970s-era eyeglasses. The filmmaker shot *Rushmore* at his old prep school. Those kiddie spaceship pictures? Anderson's. Even the name "Tenenbaum" belongs to a childhood friend. It all adds up to a rich, incredibly specific world, which some critics—including EW's Lisa Schwarzbaum—have praised but others have derided as cutesy and contrived. Wrote *New York Times* critic A.O. Scott in his review of the film: "Yes, yes, you're charming, you're brilliant. Now say good night and go to bed."

"I keep getting this thing. I mean, [David Edelstein in *Slate*] referred to me as arch. I mean, *arch*," says Anderson, his voice rising with genuine confusion. "That's not where I'm coming from. Arch is not, I mean, if I understand his use of the word correctly, it really has nothing to do with me. I think of A.O. Scott as arch. Edelstein is arch!"

If criticism of Anderson extends beyond the world of journalism, it doesn't appear to be having much effect at the box office. Disney's Touchstone banner has been expanding *The Royal Tenenbaums* slowly and with spectacular success. At press time, the film had grossed just under $21 million and stirred up serious speculation that Hackman and the screenplay are headed for Oscar nominations. And if that happens, the focus will again fall squarely on the gangly filmmaker with those goofy glasses.

"Wes reminds me more of fictional characters than anyone I know," says Huston. "He's like something out of Dr. Seuss. I like being in his aura. It's a pleasant place to be." ■ *(Additional reporting by Scott Brown)*

JAMES HAMILTON (2)



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INDICATIONS AND USAGE: *Paxil* is indicated for the treatment of depression, obsessions and compulsions in patients with obsessive compulsive disorder (OCD) as defined in DSM-IV, panic disorder, with or without agoraphobia, as defined in DSM-IV, social anxiety disorder, as defined in DSM-IV, and generalized anxiety disorder, as defined in DSM-IV.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Concomitant use in patients taking either monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAOIs) or thioridazine is contraindicated. (See WARNINGS and PRECAUTIONS.) Contraindicated in patients with a hypersensitivity to paroxetine or any of the inactive ingredients in *Paxil*.

WARNINGS: Interactions with MAOIs may occur. Given the fatal interactions reported with concomitant or immediately consecutive administration of MAOIs and other SSRIs, do not use *Paxil* in combination with a MAOI or within 2 weeks of discontinuing MAOI treatment. Allow at least 2 weeks after stopping *Paxil* before starting a MAOI.

Potential Interaction with Thioridazine

Thioridazine administration alone produces prolongation of the QTc interval, which is associated with serious ventricular arrhythmias, such as torsade de pointes-type arrhythmias, and sudden death. This effect appears to be dose related.

An *in vivo* study suggests that drugs which inhibit $P_{450}IID_6$ such as paroxetine, will elevate plasma levels of thioridazine. Therefore, it is recommended that paroxetine not be used in combination with thioridazine.

PRECAUTIONS: As with all antidepressants, use *Paxil* cautiously in patients with a history of mania.

Use *Paxil* cautiously in patients with a history of seizures. Discontinue it in any patient who develops seizures.

The possibility of suicide attempt is inherent in depression and may persist until significant remission occurs. Close supervision of high-risk patients should accompany initial drug therapy. Write *Paxil* prescriptions for the smallest quantity of tablets consistent with good patient management in order to reduce the risk of overdose.

Reversible hyponatremia has been reported, mainly in elderly patients, patients taking diuretics or those who were otherwise volume depleted. Abnormal bleeding (mostly ecchymosis and purpura), including a case of impaired platelet aggregation, has been reported; the relationship to paroxetine is unclear.

Clinical experience with *Paxil* in patients with concomitant systemic illness is limited. Use cautiously in patients with diseases or conditions that could affect metabolism or hemodynamic responses. Observe the usual cautions in cardiac patients. In patients with severe renal impairment (creatinine clearance <30 mL/min.) or severe hepatic impairment, a lower starting dose (10 mg) should be used.

Caution patients about operating hazardous machinery, including automobiles, until they are reasonably sure that *Paxil* therapy does not affect their ability to engage in such activities. Tell patients 1) to continue therapy as directed; 2) to inform physicians about other medications they are taking or plan to take; 3) to avoid alcohol while taking *Paxil*; 4) to notify their physicians if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant during therapy, or if they're nursing.

Weakness, hyperreflexia, and incoordination following use of an SSRI and sumatriptan have been rarely reported.

Concomitant use of *Paxil* with tryptophan is not recommended. Use cautiously with warfarin. When administering *Paxil* with cimetidine, dosage adjustment of *Paxil* after the 20 mg starting dose should be guided by clinical effect. When co-administering *Paxil* with phenobarbital or phenytoin, no initial *Paxil* dosage adjustment is needed; base subsequent changes on clinical effect. Concomitant use of *Paxil* with drugs metabolized by cytochrome $P_{450}IID_6$ (antidepressants such as nortriptyline, amitriptyline, imipramine, desipramine and fluoxetine; phenothiazines; Type 1C antiarrhythmics such as propafenone, fecainide and encainide) or with drugs that inhibit this enzyme (e.g., quinidine) may require lower doses than usually prescribed for either *Paxil* or the other drug; approach concomitant use cautiously. However, due to the risk of serious ventricular arrhythmias and sudden death potentially associated with elevated plasma levels of thioridazine, paroxetine and thioridazine should not be co-administered. An *in vivo* interaction study revealed that paroxetine had no effect on terfenadine pharmacokinetics. Additional *in vitro* studies showed that the inhibitory effects of paroxetine on other $IIIA_4$ substrates (astemizole, cisapride, triazolam and cyclosporin) was at least 100 times less potent than ketoconazole, a potent $IIIA_4$ inhibitor. Assuming that the relationship between paroxetine's *in vitro* Ki and its lack of effect on terfenadine's *in vivo* clearance predicts its effect on other $IIIA_4$ substrates, paroxetine's inhibition of $IIIA_4$ activity should have little clinical significance. Use caution when co-administering *Paxil* with tricyclic antidepressants (TCAs). TCA plasma concentrations may need monitoring and the TCA dose may need to be reduced. Administration of *Paxil* with another tightly protein-bound drug may shift plasma concentrations, resulting in adverse effects from either drug. Concomitant use of *Paxil* and alcohol in depressed patients is not advised. Undertake concomitant use of *Paxil* and lithium or digoxin cautiously. If adverse effects are seen when co-administering *Paxil* with procyclidine, reduce the procyclidine dose. Elevated theophylline levels have been reported with *Paxil* co-administration; monitoring theophylline levels is recommended.

In 2-year studies, a significantly greater number of male rats in the 20 mg/kg/day group developed reticulum cell sarcomas vs. animals given doses of 1 or 5 mg/kg/day. There was also a significantly increased linear trend across dose groups for the occurrence of lymphoreticular tumors in male rats. Although there was a dose-related increase in the number of tumors in mice, there was no drug-related increase in the number of mice with tumors. The clinical significance of these findings is unknown. There is no evidence of mutagenicity with *Paxil*.

Rats receiving paroxetine at 15 mg/kg/day (2.4 times the MRHD on a mg/m^2 basis) showed a reduced pregnancy rate.

Pregnancy Category C. Reproduction studies performed in rats and rabbits at doses up to 6 mg/kg/day, 8.1 (rat) and 1.9 (rabbit) times the MRHD on a mg/m^2 basis, have revealed no evidence of teratogenic effects or of selective toxicity to the fetus. However, rat pup deaths increased during the first 4 days of lactation when dosing occurred during the last trimester of gestation and continued throughout lactation. The cause of these deaths is not known. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. *Paxil* should be used in pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. The effect of *Paxil* on labor and delivery in humans is unknown. Paroxetine is secreted in human milk; exercise caution when administering *Paxil* to a nursing woman.

Safety and effectiveness in the pediatric population have not been established.

In worldwide premarketing *Paxil* clinical trials, 17% of *Paxil*-treated patients were ≥65 years of age. Pharmacokinetic studies revealed a decreased clearance in the elderly and a lower starting dose is recommended. However, there were no overall differences in the adverse event profile between older and younger patients.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Incidence in Controlled Trials—*Commonly Observed Adverse Events in Controlled Clinical Trials:* The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of *Paxil* in the treatment of depression (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo): asthenia (15% vs. 6%), sweating (11% vs. 2%), nausea (26% vs. 9%), decreased appetite (6% vs. 2%), somnolence (23% vs. 9%), dizziness (13% vs. 6%), insomnia (13% vs. 6%), tremor (8% vs. 2%), nervousness (5% vs. 3%), ejaculatory disturbance (13% vs. 0%) and other male genital disorders (10% vs. 0%).

The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of obsessive compulsive disorder (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that of placebo) were: nausea (23% vs. 10%), dry mouth (18% vs. 9%), decreased appetite (9% vs. 3%), constipation (16% vs. 6%), dizziness (12% vs. 6%), somnolence (24% vs. 7%), tremor (11% vs. 1%), sweating (9% vs. 3%), impotence (8% vs. 1%) and abnormal ejaculation (23% vs. 1%).

The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of panic disorder (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) were: asthenia (14% vs. 5%), sweating (14% vs. 6%), decreased appetite (7% vs. 3%), libido decreased (9% vs. 1%), tremor (9% vs. 1%), abnormal ejaculation (21% vs. 1%), female genital disorders (9% vs. 1%) and impotence (5% vs. 0%).

The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of social anxiety disorder (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) were: sweating (9% vs. 2%), nausea (25% vs. 7%), dry mouth (9% vs. 3%), constipation (5% vs. 2%), decreased appetite (8% vs. 2%), somnolence (22% vs. 5%), tremor (9% vs. 1%), libido decreased (12% vs. 1%), yawn (5% vs. 1%), abnormal ejaculation (28% vs. 1%), female genital disorders (9% vs. 1%) and impotence (5% vs. 1%).

The most commonly observed adverse events associated with the use of paroxetine in the treatment of generalized anxiety disorder (incidence of 5% or greater and incidence for *Paxil* at least twice that for placebo) were: asthenia, infection, constipation, decreased appetite, dry mouth, nausea, libido decreased, somnolence, tremor, sweating, and abnormal ejaculation.

Twenty percent (1,199/6,145) of *Paxil* patients in worldwide clinical trials in depression and 16.1% (84/522), 11.8% (64/542), 9.4% (44/469) and 10.7% (79/735) of *Paxil* patients in worldwide trials in social anxiety disorder, OCD, panic disorder and generalized anxiety disorder, respectively, discontinued treatment due to an adverse event. The most common events (≥1%) associated with discontinuation and considered to be drug related include the following: **depression**–somnolence, agitation, tremor, nausea, diarrhea, dry mouth, vomiting, asthenia, abnormal ejaculation, sweating; **OCD**–insomnia, dizziness, constipation, nausea, asthenia, abnormal ejaculation, impotence; **panic disorder**–somnolence, insomnia, nausea; **social anxiety disorder**–somnolence, insomnia, tremor, anxiety, dizziness, nausea, vomiting, flatulence, asthenia, abnormal ejaculation, sweating, libido decreased; **generalized anxiety disorder**–somnolence, dizziness, nausea, asthenia, abnormal ejaculation, sweating.

The following adverse events occurred in 6-week placebo-controlled trials of similar design at a frequency of 1% or more, in patients dosed (20 to 50 mg/day) for the treatment of depression: headache, asthenia, palpitation; vasodilation; sweating, rash; nausea, dry mouth, constipation, diarrhea, decreased appetite, flatulence, oropharynx disorder, dyspepsia; myopathy, myalgia, myasthenia; somnolence, dizziness, insomnia, tremor, nervousness, anxiety, paresthesia, libido decreased, drugged feeling, confusion; yawn; blurred vision, taste perversion; ejaculatory disturbance, other male genital disorders, urinary frequency, urination disorder, female genital disorders.

The following adverse events occurred at a frequency of 2% or more among OCD patients on *Paxil* who participated in placebo-controlled trials of 12 weeks duration in which patients were dosed in a range of 20 to 60 mg/day or among patients with panic disorder on *Paxil* who participated in placebo-controlled trials of 10 to 12 weeks duration in which patients were dosed in a range of 10 to 60 mg/day or among patients with social anxiety disorder on *Paxil* who participated in placebo-controlled trials of 12 weeks duration in which patients were dosed in a range of 20 to 50 mg/day: asthenia, abdominal pain, chest pain, back pain, chills, trauma; vasodilation, palpitation; sweating, rash; nausea, dry mouth, constipation, diarrhea, decreased appetite, dyspepsia, flatulence, increased appetite, vomiting; myalgia; insomnia, somnolence, dizziness, tremor, nervousness, libido decreased, agitation, anxiety, abnormal dreams, concentration impaired, depersonalization, myoclonus, amnesia, rhinitis, pharyngitis, yawn; abnormal vision, taste perversion; abnormal ejaculation, dysmenorrhea, female genital disorder, impotence, urinary frequency, urination impaired, urinary tract infection.

The following adverse events occurred at a frequency of 2% or more among GAD patients on *Paxil* who participated in placebo-controlled trials of 8 weeks duration in which patients were dosed in a range of 10 mg/day to 50 mg/day: asthenia, headache, infection, vasodilation, sweating, nausea, dry mouth, constipation, diarrhea, decreased appetite, vomiting, insomnia, somnolence, dizziness, tremor, nervousness, libido decreased, respiratory disorder, sinusitis, yawn, abnormal vision, abnormal ejaculation, female genital disorder, impotence.

Studies in depression show a clear dose dependency for some of the more common adverse events associated with *Paxil* use. There was evidence of adaptation to some adverse events with continued *Paxil* therapy (e.g., nausea and dizziness). Significant weight loss may be an undesirable result of *Paxil* treatment for some patients but, on average, patients in controlled trials had minimal (about 1 lb) loss. In placebo-controlled clinical trials, *Paxil*-treated patients exhibited abnormal values on liver function tests no more frequently than placebo-treated patients.

In placebo-controlled clinical trials involving more than 2,500 patients with depression, OCD, panic disorder, social anxiety disorder or generalized anxiety disorder, the following incidences of untoward sexual experiences for patients receiving *Paxil* were reported, varying with the disease state: In males: decreased libido (6% to 15%), ejaculatory disturbance, mostly delayed ejaculation (13% to 28%), impotence (2% to 8%). In females: decreased libido (0% to 9%), orgasmic disturbance (2% to 9%). The reported incidence of each of these adverse events was <5% among male and female patients receiving placebo.

Other Events Observed During the Premarketing Evaluation of *Paxil*: During premarketing assessment in depression multiple doses of *Paxil* were administered to 6,145 patients in phase 2 and 3 studies. During premarketing clinical trials in OCD, panic disorder, social anxiety disorder and generalized anxiety disorder, 542, 469, 522 and 735 patients, respectively, received multiple doses of *Paxil*. The following adverse events were reported. Note: "frequent" = events occurring in at least 1/100 patients; "infrequent" = 1/100 to 1/1000 patients; "rare" = less than 1/1000 patients. Events are classified within body system categories and enumerated in order of decreasing frequency using the above definitions. It is important to emphasize that although the events occurred during *Paxil* treatment, they were not necessarily caused by it.

Body as a Whole: *frequent:* chills, malaise; *infrequent:* allergic reaction, face edema, moniliasis, neck pain; *rare:* adrenergic syndrome, cellulitis, neck rigidity, pelvic pain, peritonitis, ulcer. **Cardiovascular System:** *frequent:* hypertension, tachycardia; *infrequent:* bradycardia, hematoma, hypotension, migraine, syncope; *rare:* angina pectoris, arrhythmia nodal, atrial fibrillation, bundle branch block, cerebral ischemia, cerebrovascular accident, congestive heart failure, heart block, low cardiac output, myocardial infarct, myocardial ischemia, pallor, phlebitis, pulmonary embolus, supraventricular extrasystoles, thrombophlebitis, thrombosis, varicose vein, vascular headache, ventricular extrasystoles. **Digestive System:** *infrequent:* bruxism, colitis, dysphagia, eructation, gastritis, gastroenteritis, gingivitis, glossitis, increased salivation, liver function tests abnormal, rectal hemorrhage, ulcerative stomatitis; *rare:* aphthous stomatitis, bloody diarrhea, bulimia, cholelithiasis, duodenitis, enteritis, esophagitis, fecal impactions, fecal incontinence, gum hemorrhage, hematemesis, hepatitis, ileus, intestinal obstruction, jaundice, melena, mouth ulceration, peptic ulcer, salivary gland enlargement, stomach ulcer, stomatitis, tongue discoloration, tongue edema, tooth caries. **Endocrine System:** *rare:* diabetes mellitus, goiter, hyperthyroidism, hypothyroidism, thyroiditis. **Hemic and Lymphatic Systems:** *infrequent:* anemia, eosinophilia, leukocytosis, leukopenia, lymphadenopathy, purpura; *rare:* abnormal erythrocytes, basophilia, bleeding time increased, hypochromic anemia, iron deficiency anemia, lymphedema, abnormal lymphocytes, lymphocytosis, microcytic anemia, monocytosis, normocytic anemia, thrombocythemia, thrombocytopenia. **Metabolic and Nutritional:** *frequent:* weight gain, weight loss; *infrequent:* alkaline phosphatase increased, edema, peripheral edema, SGOT increased, SGPT increased, thirst; *rare:* bilirubinemia, BUN increased, creatinine phosphokinase increased, dehydration, gamma globulins increased, gout, hypercalcemia, hypercholesteremia, hyperglycemia, hyperkalemia, hyperphosphatemia, hypocalcemia, hypoglycemia, hypokalemia, hyponatremia, ketosis, lactic dehydrogenase increased, non-protein nitrogen (NPN) increased; **Musculoskeletal System:** *frequent:* arthralgia; *infrequent:* arthritis, arthrosis; *rare:* bursitis, myositis, osteoporosis, generalized spasm, tenosynovitis, tetany. **Nervous System:** *frequent:* emotional lability, vertigo; *infrequent:* abnormal thinking, alcohol abuse, ataxia, delirium, dystonia, dyskinesia, euphoria, hallucinations, hostility, hypertonia, hypesthesia, hypokinesia, incoordination, lack of emotion, libido increased, manic reaction, neurosis, paralysis, paranoid reaction, psychosis; *rare:* abnormal gait, akinesia, antisocial reaction, aphasia, choreoathetosis, circumoral paresthesias, convulsion, delusions, diplopia, drug dependence, dysarthria, extrapyramidal syndrome, fasciculations, grand mal convulsion, hyperalgesia, hysteria, manic-depressive reaction, meningitis, myelitis, neuralgia, neuropathy, nystagmus, peripheral neuritis, psychotic depression, reflexes decreased, reflexes increased, stupor, torticollis, trismus, withdrawal syndrome. **Respiratory System:** *infrequent:* asthma, bronchitis, dyspnea, epistaxis, hyperventilation, pneumonia, respiratory flu; *rare:* emphysema, hemoptysis, hiccups, lung fibrosis, pulmonary edema, sputum increased, voice alteration. **Skin and Appendages:** *frequent:* pruritus; *infrequent:* acne, alopecia, contact dermatitis, dry skin, ecchymosis, eczema, furunculosis, herpes simplex, maculopapular rash, photosensitivity, urticaria; *rare:* angioedema, erythema nodosum, erythema multiforme, exfoliative dermatitis, fungal dermatitis, herpes zoster, hirsutism, seborrhea, skin discoloration, skin hypertrophy, skin ulcer, sweating decreased, vesiculobullous rash. **Special Senses:** *frequent:* tinnitus; *infrequent:* abnormality of accommodation, conjunctivitis, ear pain, eye pain, mydriasis, otitis media, photophobia; *rare:* amblyopia, anisocoria, blepharitis, cataract, conjunctival edema, corneal ulcer, deafness, exophthalmos, eye hemorrhage, glaucoma, hyperacusis, keratoconjunctivitis, night blindness, otitis externa, parosmia, ptosis, retinal hemorrhage, taste loss, visual field defect. **Urogenital System:** *infrequent:* abortion, amenorrhea, breast pain, cystitis, dysuria, hematuria, menorrhagia, nocturia, polyuria, urinary incontinence, urinary retention, urinary urgency, vaginal moniliasis, vaginitis; *rare:* breast atrophy, breast enlargement, endometrial disorder, epididymitis, female lactation, fibrocystic breast, kidney calculus, kidney pain, leukorrhea, mastitis, metrorrhagia, nephritis, oliguria, pyuria, urethritis, uterine spasm, urolith, vaginal hemorrhage.

Postmarketing Reports

Voluntary reports of adverse events that have been received since market introduction and not listed above that may have no causal relationship with *Paxil* include–acute pancreatitis, elevated liver function tests (the most severe cases were deaths due to liver necrosis, and grossly elevated transaminases associated with severe liver dysfunction), Guillain-Barré syndrome, toxic epidermal necrolysis, priapism, syndrome of inappropriate ADH secretion, symptoms suggestive of prolactinemia and galactorrhea, neuroleptic malignant syndrome-like events; extrapyramidal symptoms which have included akathisia, bradykinesia, cogwheel rigidity, dystonia, hypertonia, oculogyric crisis (which has been associated with concomitant use of pimozide), tremor and trismus; serotonin syndrome, associated in some cases with concomitant use of serotonergic drugs and with drugs which may have impaired *Paxil* metabolism (symptoms have included agitation, confusion, diaphoresis, hallucinations, hyperreflexia, myoclonus, shivering, tachycardia and tremor), status epilepticus, acute renal failure, pulmonary hypertension, allergic alveolitis, anaphylaxis, eclampsia, laryngismus, optic neuritis, porphyria, ventricular fibrillation, ventricular tachycardia (including torsade de pointes), thrombocytopenia, hemolytic anemia, and events related to impaired hematopoiesis (including aplastic anemia, pancytopenia, bone marrow aplasia and agranulocytosis). There have been spontaneous reports that discontinuation (particularly when abrupt) may lead to symptoms such as dizziness, sensory disturbances, agitation or anxiety, nausea and sweating; these events are generally self-limiting. There has been a report of an elevated phenytoin level after 4 weeks of *Paxil* and phenytoin co-administration, and a report of severe hypotension when *Paxil* was added to chronic metoprolol treatment.

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE: Controlled Substance Class: *Paxil* is not a controlled substance. Evaluate patients carefully for history of drug abuse and observe such patients closely for signs of *Paxil* misuse or abuse (e.g., development of tolerance, incrementations of dose, drug-seeking behavior).

BRS–PX:L20

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LONE STARS AFI's elite: (1) *Rings*' Astin and Wood, (2) *Bedroom*'s Spacek, and (3) *The West Wing*'s Bradley Whitford with wife Kaczmarek of *Malcolm*

Globe Trodders?

AWARDS **Trying to upstage the Golden Globes, the first American Film Institute awards fail to shine.** **by William Keck**

THE HOLIDAYS MAY BE WEEKS PAST, but CBS is still serving turkey. The inaugural AFI Awards for movies and TV, broadcast live from the Beverly Hills Hotel on Jan. 5, was about as unappealing to nominees (few bothered to show) as to viewers (with a TV audience of a paltry 5.5 million). Perhaps most damning, even the catwalk quality typical of awards shows fell flat: "I didn't put any effort into this one at all," admitted *Malcolm in the Middle* mom **Jane Kaczmarek**, wearing basic black as she lost best TV actress to *The Sopranos*' **Edie Falco**. "I just wore something I had in my closet."

Only 4 of the winners in the 15 individual achievement categories attended the subdued ceremony—including Falco and best film actress **Sissy Spacek** (*In the Bedroom*), who weren't prompted to keep their speeches short. "This film is so close to my heart," said Spacek gamely. "It was a real labor of love, I think, for all of those who worked on it." *Lord of the Rings* stars **Elijah Wood** and **Sean Astin** also were on hand to pick up the movie's statuette for best film.

Absent winners included **Denzel Washington** (*Training Day*), **Gene Hackman** (*The Royal Tenenbaums*), **Jennifer Connelly** (*A Beautiful Mind*), and Falco's costar **James Gandolfini**. Why all the missing stars? "It's hard to fly someone in to L.A. when you have to fly them back two weeks later for the Golden Globes," said one no-show's publicist.

"Sure, I would have liked to have seen bigger numbers and more stars show up," says CBS senior VP of specials **Jack Sussman**, "but it was Year One, and hopefully we're building something." Sussman declines to speculate on the show's future, though he notes the network has had a successful partnership with AFI on recent highly rated *100 Years* specials. He resists comparisons to another awards start-up—the Screen Actors Guild Awards, which ran for three years on NBC before being relegated to the TNT cable net in 1998. "It tried to get itself going, but didn't make it," says Sussman.

Despite a lackluster debut, in some sense the AFIs succeeded in kicking off this year's round of awards. "It does seem like we're in the middle of play-off season," said *Beautiful Mind* director **Ron Howard**. And some even voiced a preference for the AFIs. "We're here because we weren't nominated for Golden Globes," griped **Ray Romano**, who attended with *Everybody Loves Raymond* costar **Doris Roberts**. "You won't see us there." ■

1, 2: MONTY BRINTON/WIREIMAGE.COM; 3: STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANCE STAEDLER

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES

With knockout performances, Halle Berry and Will Smith could be shoo-ins for Oscar nods. Also, our picks for the other contenders.

BY DAVE KARGER & MARK HARRIS

CALL OSCAR THE GREAT EQUALIZER. RELEASED ONE DAY APART IN DECEMBER, Will Smith's *Ali* and Halle Berry's *Monster's Ball* could not be more different. One is a nearly three-hour epic following a larger-than-life sports hero over 10 years and two continents; the other is an intimate character piece that was shot in just 21 days. Smith's reported $20 million asking fee not only dwarfs Berry's $100,000 paycheck but is enough to fund five *Monster's Ball*s. Despite their disparate wallet sizes, though, they've both found themselves at the forefront of this year's uncharacteristically unpredictable Oscar race. (For our bold predictions, see stories starting on page 27.) • But perhaps the two performers aren't so different after all. Both are industry fixtures whose initial showbiz incarnations—Berry as first runner-up at the Miss USA 1986 pageant, Smith as teen rapper Fresh Prince—didn't exactly indicate their acting potential. Both have recently turned in transformative, arguably career-high performances—Berry as Leticia Musgrove, a recently widowed Georgia mom who falls for a racist ex–death row guard; Smith as endearingly arrogant heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali. And both are attempting to land their first Oscar nominations and make Academy Awards history. If Berry, Smith, and Denzel Washington, already honored by the American Film Institute and the Los Angeles Film Critics Association for his performance in *Training Day*, land on the shortlist Feb. 12, it will mark only the second time three African Americans have received lead-acting nominations in the same year (the other was 1973, when *Lady Sings the Blues* star Diana Ross was named along with *Sounder*'s Cicely Tyson and Paul Winfield). And should any of them win, it would break an almost 40-year losing streak: No African-American Best Actor candidate has won since Sidney Poitier for 1963's *Lilies of the Field*, while no black woman has won Best Actress *ever*.

WIDOW'S PEAK ***Monster's Ball*'s Berry with Coronji Calhoun**

Berry's first film role, as a foul-mouthed crack addict in Spike Lee's 1991 drama *Jungle Fever*, certainly hinted at her future gritty choices. Still, the 35-year-old actress views as inferior all the work that preceded her acclaimed turn as the woman who, ironically, made history as the first African American ever nominated for Best Actress in the 1999 HBO film *Introducing Dorothy Dandridge*. "I was acting before that from a place of fear, worrying about what people thought of me," she says. "The experience of *Dorothy Dandridge* freed me from that. I got to relive her struggle, which was very much mine, and I thought, Okay, I can either keep going around and around making lateral moves and 50 years from now somebody will be telling *my* story and going 'Well, Halle could have done *this* but she was too scared to go there,' or I can break this cycle and approach my career from a more courageous standpoint."

The first hurdle: conquering her fear of on-screen nudity. "I would hear about so many great parts and the first thing I would say was 'Is there a love scene? Is there nudity?... Okay, well, then don't even send it,'" she recalls. "I mean, how stupid is that?" Her first-ever topless moment in last summer's *Swordfish*, she says, primed her for her frank three-and-a-half-minute sex scene with *Monster's Ball* costar Billy Bob Thornton. "Now I'm able to use my whole body and not worry about how I'm looking," Berry says. "That love scene is less than pretty because we really didn't care. We didn't care where the camera was. We just went for it and they shot."

Despite accolades for her fearlessness, the actress still professes to suffer from raging insecurity. "I never expect people to like something," says Berry, who'll reprise her role as the superheroic Storm in the *X-Men* sequel and will play Bond girl Jinx in the next 007 film. "After I finish a project I say, 'Okay, how am I going to defend *this*? What am I going to say when they say they hate *this*?' I wish I weren't that way."

A negative review is nothing compared to the character assault Berry faced after she fled the scene of a February 2000 L.A. fender bender that left the other driver with a broken wrist. "The difference was that was real," says Berry, who insists she doesn't remember the incident or the immediate aftermath. "What somebody says about a movie, you can recover from that. But when you start to get attacked personally for something that injured peo-

(PREVIOUS PAGES) BERRY'S STYLING: LEE MOORE/BEAUTY & PHOTO; HAIR: OSCAR JAMES/KEN BARBOZA; MAKEUP: LAURA MOHBERG/ARTISTS; SHIRT: PLEIN SUD; H. LORENZO, L.A.; SMITH'S STYLING: LEE MOORE/BEAUTY & PHOTO; HAIR: PIERCE AUSTIN/WORKING ARTISTS; MAKEUP: JUDY MURDOCK/WORKING ARTISTS; SHIRT: TRAITOR, L.A.; (THIS PAGE) JEANNE LOUISE BULLARD

ple...it was deeper than a movie."

After pleading no contest to the misdemeanor charge of leaving the scene of an accident, Berry was sentenced to 200 hours of community service and ordered to pay a $13,500 fine (a civil suit was settled out of court). But it was the indirect punishment that hurt her more. In order to avoid media scrutiny, she skipped the Screen Actors Guild Awards ceremony that March, and as a result learned that she had won the best-actress-in-a-miniseries trophy for *Dandridge* while watching the telecast in her living room. "It was...*uuucchhh*," she says now. "That [award] was from actors, so that was particularly meaningful to me. I was just dying."

In other words, she's ready for her Oscar speech. "It's not so much the Academy," she says diplomatically of the relative historic lack of black nominees. "There hasn't been product that we've been able to be a part of, so it's very hard to single us out. The industry is so different today. There are stories being told with black casts. I really do think that it's about to start changing." She pauses. "I have to tell myself that anyway."

Out of solidarity, not to mention curiosity, Berry, who shares a publicist and a talent agency with Smith, went to see his turn as the fighter formerly known as Cassius Clay. (Smith plans to return the favor with *Monster's Ball*.) As one who's spent time with both the actor and the man he plays, she found the performance especially striking. "There were moments," she says, "where I had to wonder, Was that the real Ali or was that Will?"

That, obviously, was the idea. In fact, Smith had been contemplating tackling this tough challenge for years. So what took him so long? "I couldn't figure out what the first step would be to become another person," he says. "To have my instincts and my desires and my likes and dislikes come to me naturally as a different person. The mind-set of a fighter is so different from the mind-set of the average person. It seems really simple when I think about it now. The first step is, you start fightin'!"

Under the direction of Michael Mann, Smith set out to become Ali, perfecting 11 of his signature boxing moves, copying his workout and dietary routines, and studying his religious conversion. "The most difficult aspect was trying to develop an understanding of the black American point of view during the '60s," says Smith, who'll be seen next in this summer's *Men in Black 2*. "Being a child of rap music, it's difficult to understand social upheaval. A sign that says 'Coloreds Only' on the bus, that's just so foreign to me! That was a real struggle for me to understand how you would wake up and live your life every day under those circumstances." To help, Mann set up a meeting between Smith and former Black Panther leader Geronimo ji Jaga (a.k.a. Geronimo Pratt). "He said something that turned out to be the epiphany that I needed," Smith remembers. "He said, 'War had been declared on black America: fire hoses, dogs, domestic terrorism.' That was the real explosion in my mind. Now I understand why Muhammad Ali wouldn't go to Vietnam."

Suddenly, Smith's voice turns more urgent. "Of *course* I'm not going to Vietnam because I can't fight two wars at one time," he says, riffing on one of *Ali*'s more powerful speeches. Again he has *become* the champ. "I'm at war *right here*. I'm at war with *you right now*."

Smith's emotional and spiritual transformation was certainly daunting. But the toughest part of the film had to be getting whomped in the head hundreds of times over, right? "The thing is, it p---es me off when I get hit," he explains. "So it makes me want to hit you back really hard. When I get hit I actually have more of a desire to be in the ring. That's something you really can't even teach. You either have it or you don't."

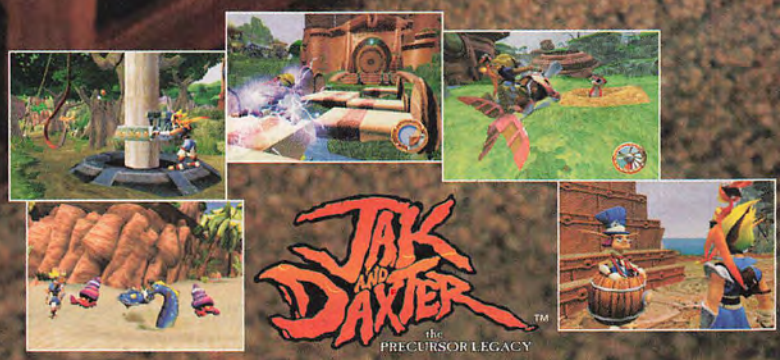
Whether he'll end up having an Academy Award this year is another story. "I'm very happy that [black] roles are more available," he says cautiously. "I think it's really a great time. I'm excited about the potential. I think blacks in Hollywood are advancing, however slowly." Perhaps his qualifier stems from author John Grisham's reported dissatisfaction over the potential casting of Smith as the lead in the upcoming film version of *The Runaway Jury*. "I like to prove that people are wrong," he responds. "I'm driven by actions, not by dialogue." (Grisham's agent didn't return EW's calls.) But isn't it impossible to prove someone wrong if you're not even given the chance? "Oh, no, no, you *take* the chance. If I wanted to make *Runaway Jury*, I would. I would take his book from him if I wanted to. But I don't want to, so he can't win that battle. Not in America, not in this day and time." Whatever the outcome this March, it looks like Smith and Berry are already victorious.

THE GREATEST'S GENERATION ***Ali*****'s Smith (with Ron Silver, left) becomes the pugilist**

FRANK CONNOR

PlayStation.2

A New Legacy Is Born. In the hero community you have two types: Those that fight evil and those that happen to be around while others are doing the fighting. Introducing Jak (the fighter) and Daxter (umm, the other guy). Join them as they voyage to defy the forces of evil on an adventure many dream about...but few dare attempt. To find out more about their legendary quest, check out www.jakanddaxter.com



Jak and Daxter
the Precursor Legacy

EVERYONE
E
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Violence

NAUGHTY DOG

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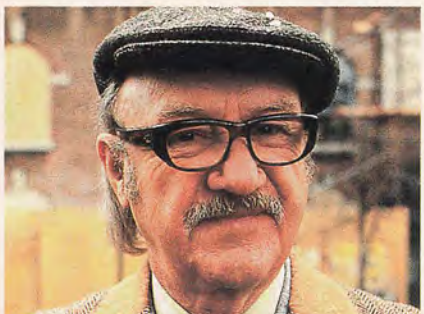
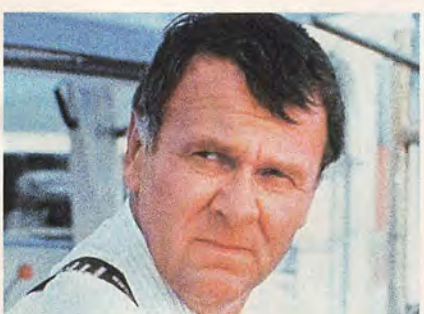
BEST ACTOR

CROWE


HACKMAN

SMITH

WASHINGTON


WILKINSON

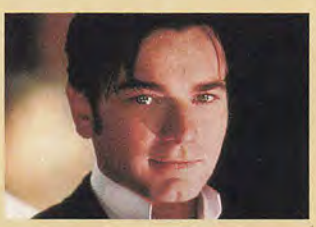
THERE ARE MANY ROADS TO A BEST ACTOR nomination: Play a genius. Do an accent. Play a madman. Age 40 years on screen. Of course, it helps if you do all of those things—and do them brilliantly—which is why we're betting on *A Beautiful Mind*'s RUSSELL CROWE becoming the first actor since William Hurt to land in this race three years in a row. But Crowe shouldn't clear a place on the mantel next to his *Gladiator* statuette just yet. For one thing, the awesome Aussie will have to get by DENZEL WASHINGTON, headed for his fifth Oscar nomination—and his first for playing a villain; his performance as an evil narcotics detective in *Training Day* has already won top honors from the Los Angeles Film Critics Association and the American Film Institute. And WILL SMITH's impressive transformation into boxing legend Muhammad Ali should be impossible for the Academy to ignore. We'd put money on that three-way race—and then it gets tough.

In the Bedroom's TOM WILKINSON isn't a household name, but his powerful, restrained work as a tormented father has already won him the Best Actor prize from the New York Film Critics Circle. His failure to get a Golden Globe nomination is reason No. 947 we can never really take the Globes seriously; we don't think the Academy will make the same mistake. BILLY BOB THORNTON gave a pair of great performances as grim loners in *The Man Who Wasn't There* (for which he got a Globe nomination) and *Monster's Ball*; with three nominations on his résumé already, he's a strong contender, but a split vote could fatally damage his chances. SEAN PENN can never be counted out, but his *I Am Sam* treads familiar very-special-people ground.

Older Academy voters may not be quite ready for JOHN CAMERON MITCHELL in the transgendered rock opera *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*; KEVIN SPACEY's work in *The Shipping News* is probably too muted for such a showy year; and although we loved GUY PEARCE in *Memento*, the movie opened a *looong* time ago—and his Leonard Shelby is not the only one with short-term memory problems. That leaves one natural choice: GENE HACKMAN, showing unexpected comic flair as the shifty patriarch of *The Royal Tenenbaums*. If the movie continues to play strongly, he'll be impossible to ignore.

For your consideration

IS ANYTHING HARDER, IN 2001, THAN FOR AN ACTOR TO move us with unironic romantic sincerity? We've thought EWAN McGREGOR rocked since *Trainspotting*, but his emotionally exuberant, heartfelt work in *Moulin Rouge* positively dazzled us. Actors, of all Academy voters, shouldn't miss a chance to reward such a genuinely bold, risky performance. (And he sings, too.)



CROWE: ELI REED; HACKMAN: JAMES HAMILTON; SMITH: FRANK CONNOR; WASHINGTON: ROBERT ZUCKERMAN; McGREGOR: SUE ADLER

OSCAR ILLUSTRATIONS BY KIRSTEN ULVE

BEST ACTRESS

THE FIRST THREE CRITICS' GROUPS TO announce their winners propelled two leading ladies to the front of the Best Actress queue. Both the New York and Los Angeles committees named *In the Bedroom*'s five-time Oscar nominee (and one-time winner), SISSY SPACEK. The National Board of Review, meanwhile, cited *Monster's Ball* star HALLE BERRY, who has already won a Golden Globe, a SAG award, and an Emmy (all for her 1999 TV movie, *Introducing Dorothy Dandridge*) but is gunning for her first Oscar nod.

Three-time Oscar nominee (and supporting-actress victor for 1998's *Shakespeare in Love*) JUDI DENCH also seems a likely choice for her performance as feisty novelist and Alzheimer's patient Iris Murdoch in *Iris*. As for the recently prolific NICOLE KIDMAN, the question was never whether she'd score a nomination, but rather for which film. (Academy rules dictate that unlike directors, actors and actresses may receive only one mention per category.) Strong reviews for her subtle work in *The Others* initially indicated that her best chances would stem from that thriller. But a late surge for *Moulin Rouge* has now given the musical the edge. A pair of Globe nods for Kidman in the drama and musical/comedy categories only help to muddy the race.

The Deep End's TILDA SWINTON earned a Globe nod as well as honors from Boston film critics, but the performance might be too quiet for the Academy. Likewise, comedic faves AUDREY TAUTOU (*Amélie*), RENEE ZELLWEGER (*Bridget Jones's Diary*), THORA BIRCH (*Ghost World*), and REESE WITHERSPOON (*Legally Blonde*) will all likely suffer because of their films' relative lightness. STOCKARD CHANNING earned an AFI nomination for playing a corporate nightmare in *The Business of Strangers*, but voters might ignore her little-seen indie.

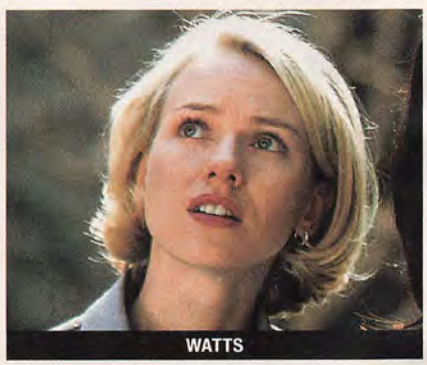
The real wild card here is *Mulholland Drive* breakout NAOMI WATTS. When her essentially dual performance received some of the best critical notices of the year, her handlers began constructing a supporting-actress campaign on her behalf. But after she earned several runner-up citations and an AFI nod—all for lead actress—her push has now been switched to this category. Will it be too late? Judging by her landslide Best Actress victory from the National Society of Film Critics, it doesn't look like it.

BERRY

DENCH

KIDMAN

SPACEK



WATTS

BERRY: JEANNE LOUISE BULLIARD; DENCH: CLIVE COOTE; KIDMAN: SUE ADLER; WATTS: MELISSA MOSELEY

For your consideration

IN THE MOVIES, ACTING GRIEF USUALLY MEANS OVERacting grief. But in the devastating French import *Under the Sand* (if you missed it, catch up with it on video), CHARLOTTE RAMPLING brought stunning restraint and perfect pitch to her portrayal of a middle-aged woman shattered by sudden widowhood. This was mesmerizing, unimprovable work by an actress at the height of her gifts.

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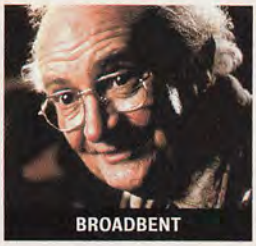
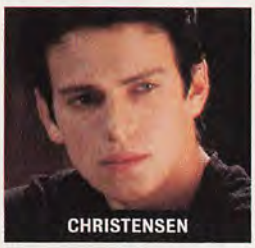

BROADBENT

BUSCEMI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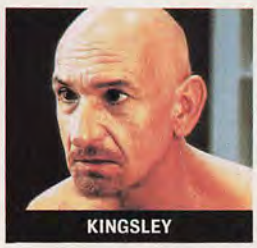
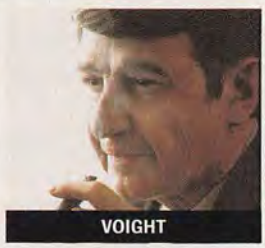

KINGSLEY


VOIGHT

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

YOU CAN'T EXACTLY CALL THEM NEW faces, but in this year's category, veterans are doing such surprising work that they might as well be making their debuts. Heading the list is *Gandhi* Oscar winner BEN KINGSLEY, whose violent gangster in *Sexy Beast* is a juicy image makeover. JON VOIGHT's unexpectedly resonant turn as Howard Cosell in *Ali* could net the actor his fourth nod. After 60-odd movies, New York critics' prizewinner STEVE BUSCEMI might add an Oscar nomination to his résumé for his definitive lonely guy in *Ghost World*. And though we won't soon forget JIM BROADBENT's rendition of "Like a Virgin" in *Moulin Rouge*, it's his touching turn as the elderly John Bayley in *Iris* that Oscar will notice (he's already been honored by the L.A. critics and the National Board of Review).

IAN McKELLEN could ride a *Lord of the Rings* sweep to a nomination—likewise ED HARRIS for *A Beautiful Mind*, though he may be hurt by the nature of his role—but since the average age of these contenders is already 54, how about some new blood? We like the chances of HAYDEN CHRISTENSEN, the troubled teen of *Life As a House*, who, at 20, is the same age Timothy Hutton was when he won an Oscar for *Ordinary People*. If not him, there's 29-year-old JUDE LAW, who had a grand time as a literal boy toy in *A.I.* Even BEN STILLER, a relative elder at 36, would lower the average with a nod as the tracksuited overachiever of *The Royal Tenenbaums*. On the other hand, wouldn't it be fun to see *Ocean's Eleven*'s CARL REINER enter the winner's circle at 80 with his first nomination?

For your consideration

WHEN TONY SHALHOUB RETEAMED WITH *Barton Fink* filmmakers Joel and Ethan Coen for *The Man Who Wasn't There*, he nearly pilfered the film. As a fast-talking lawyer, he brings bursts of verbal color to a decidedly black-and-white world.

CONNELLY

MIRREN

SMITH

TOMEI

WINSLET

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

THIS COULD BE THE CATEGORY THAT KEEPS Robert Altman awake at night. More than 25 years after he guided *Nashville*'s Lily Tomlin and Ronee Blakley to competing nominations, the filmmaker's latest is likely to spawn two candidates—HELEN MIRREN and two-time winner MAGGIE SMITH—from *Gosford Park*. Both actresses earned Golden Globe nods, so look for the battle between upstairs and downstairs to continue.

Two younger performers appear to be locks as well. At only 26, KATE WINSLET, who plays the young Iris Murdoch in *Iris*, stands to earn her third nomination. Meanwhile, 31-year-old JENNIFER CONNELLY could be the category's only first-time nominee, thanks to her affecting turn in *A Beautiful Mind*.

The final contender is a bit tougher to predict. CAMERON DIAZ earned a Globe nod as Tom Cruise's jealous booty call in *Vanilla Sky*, but the movie will probably divide voters as much as it did audiences. *The Royal Tenenbaums* kin (and past Oscar winners) ANJELICA HUSTON and GWYNETH PALTROW might be overshadowed by Gene Hackman. *The Shipping News*' JUDI DENCH, who received a nomination last year in this category for *Chocolat*, did better-received lead work in *Iris*. That leaves *My Cousin Vinny* Oscar winner MARISA TOMEI, whose touching performance as *In the Bedroom*'s suffering girlfriend could transform her from an Academy Award punchline into a bona fide contender.

For your consideration

OUR AFFECTION FOR FIONNULA FLANAGAN goes back to *Rich Man, Poor Man*. But she outdid herself as the housekeeper in *The Others*. Is she there to tidy up or to terrify? And is there anyone in this race she wouldn't spook?

BROADBENT: CLIVE COOTE; BUSCEMI: TRACY BENNETT; CHRISTENSEN: M.W. WALLACE; KINGSLEY: NICK WALL; VOIGHT: FRANK CONNOR; SHALHOUB: MELINDA SUE GORDON; CONNELLY: ELI REED; MIRREN AND SMITH: MARK ILLIS; TOMEI: JOHN CLIFFORD; WINSLET: CLIVE COOTE; FLANAGAN: TERESA ISASI

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BEST PICTURE

FOR MONTHS NOW, WE'VE BEEN MUTTERing that 2001 was the worst year for movies in a decade, that it would be impossible to come up with five worthy Best Picture contenders. Now the race is on, and who were we kidding? There are plenty of candidates for the big prize—although, with one major exception, they're not the kind of movies that usually get nominated. The exception is A BEAUTIFUL MIND. The story of schizophrenic Nobel laureate John Forbes Nash Jr. had "Oscar bait" stamped all over it from the moment Ron Howard and Russell Crowe signed their contracts, and, unlike many of its competitors, the film lived up to the hype. Growing critical dissatisfaction about the liberties taken with the facts of Nash's life could eventually hurt its chances to win—but that's later.

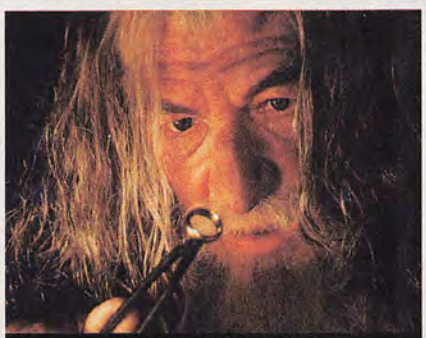
The other films in the race, though, will mark 2001 as a strange year. For instance: No otherworldly sci-fi/fantasy film has earned a Best Picture nod since *Star Wars*, but the huge critical and popular success of THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING should snap that hex. No live-action musical has competed since *All That Jazz*, but the technical prowess and visual virtuosity of MOULIN ROUGE should be hard for voters to ignore. And dark, bleak dramas, however acclaimed, usually settle for acting nominations (think *Leaving Las Vegas*, think *Requiem for a Dream*), but IN THE BEDROOM may just go all the way.

The fifth slot is even more of a wild card. Will Academy voters surprise everyone and go for the studied wackiness of THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS or the acclaimed alt-reality of MULHOLLAND DRIVE? Will they allow DreamWorks' SHREK to settle for a mere Best Animated Feature nomination, or Miramax's AMELIE to languish in the best foreign film ghetto? (Given the massive rivalry between the studios that goes back to *Shakespeare in Love*'s Best Picture win over *Saving Private Ryan*, it's no surprise that the *Shrek* trade-ad campaign has been arguably the year's most aggressive.) Will members prefer the hard-swinging filmmaking of ALI (hurt by a fast box office drop) or the well-liked but frothy country-house high jinks of GOSFORD PARK? Our guess: In a year when the U.S. military is on the minds of voters, Ridley Scott's combat drama BLACK HAWK DOWN appeals to the Academy's older male voters enough to edge the competition.

A BEAUTIFUL MIND

BLACK HAWK DOWN

IN THE BEDROOM



THE LORD OF THE RINGS

MOULIN ROUGE

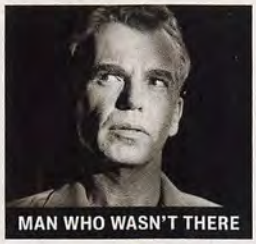
A BEAUTIFUL MIND: ELI REED; BLACK HAWK DOWN: SIDNEY BALDWIN; THE LORD OF THE RINGS: PIERRE VINET; MOULIN ROUGE: SUE ADLER

For your consideration

AS SOON AS WE SAW IT, WE TATTOOED A REMINDER onto our tummies. Fact #1: MEMENTO deserves a Best Picture nomination. In the astonishingly assured hands of writer-director Christopher Nolan, this tense, time-twisting, perfectly realized thriller about a haunted amnesiac was, quite simply, the year's cleverest movie. A year later, we still can't get his head out of our heads.

AMELIE

GOSFORD PARK


MAN WHO WASN'T THERE

MEMENTO

THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS

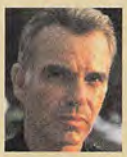
BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

TO MUSCLE INTO THIS CROWDED CATEGORY, it helps if you're a multitasker. Look for filmmakers who've written *and* directed their works to dominate, beginning with Christopher Nolan, whose labyrinthine MEMENTO storytelling was the very definition of original. Perennial favorites Joel and Ethan Coen, winners in 1997 for *Fargo* and nominees last year for the adapted *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, should earn a third nod for THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE. The never-nominated team of Wes Anderson and Owen Wilson is increasingly worshiped by hip Hollywood, so their third collaboration, THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS, may just be the charm. The exception to the rule will likely be Julian Fellowes, the screenwriter who fashioned two distinct but equally vivid worlds under one roof in GOSFORD PARK.

The writing team behind ALI consists of previous nominees—*The Insider*'s Eric Roth and Michael Mann and *Nixon*'s Stephen J. Rivele and Christopher Wilkinson—along with Gregory Allen Howard, but the Academy usually favors screenplays with one or two authors. David Lynch's MULHOLLAND DRIVE might strike some voters as *too* original, while Alejandro Amenábar's THE OTHERS runs the risk of being viewed as a *Sixth Sense* retread. Perhaps the fabulous destiny of AMELIE is a nomination: After all, anyone who's seen the subtitled film has also read most of Guillaume Laurant and Jean-Pierre Jeunet's whimsical script.

For your consideration

COULD MILO ADDICA AND WILL ROKOS BE the second coming of Damon and Affleck? They



are, after all, struggling actors who penned their own screenplay—but only scored bit parts—in the unflinching yet tender MONSTER'S BALL.

A BEAUTIFUL MIND

GHOST WORLD

IN THE BEDROOM

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

SHREK

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY

CONSIDER THE SOURCES: A BIOGRAPHY, a short story, a classic fantasy novel, an adult comic, and a picture book have been turned into the leading contenders for this year's screenplay adaptation Oscar. Let's start with a sure thing: Akiva Goldsman's script for A BEAUTIFUL MIND will overcome criticism that it whitewashes the life of John Forbes Nash Jr. and land a nomination in tribute to the deft midmovie structural trick Goldsman pulls off. Rob Festinger and Todd Field's IN THE BEDROOM brilliantly expands an Andre Dubus story into a full-blown portrait of two families and a town; it won top honors from the National Board of Review. And Peter Jackson, his wife Fran Walsh, and Philippa Boyens have won praise from both fans and newbies with the first installment of THE LORD OF THE RINGS.

The last two slots could go to SHREK, a William Steig book turned into a joke (and money) machine by Ted Elliot, Terry Rossio, Joe Stillman, and Roger S.H. Schulman—and GHOST WORLD, director Terry Zwigoff and Daniel Clowes' uncompromising version of Clowes' comic. But both films are vulnerable to the well-liked BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY and IRIS, or to possible late-winter surges from BLACK HAWK DOWN or THE SHIPPING NEWS, both of which will have to overcome the four-word perception writers in this category dread most: The book was better.

For your consideration

EVEN THOUGH ITS TWISTY PLOT RELIES entirely on circuitous coincidences, for sheer

insight into the lives of unhappy couples, no other film matched the Aussie import LANTANA, adapted by Andrew Bovell from his play *Speaking in Tongues*.

GOSFORD PARK: MARK TILLIE; THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE: MELINDA SUE GORDON; MEMENTO: DANNY ROTHENBERG; THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS: JAMES HAMILTON; MONSTER'S BALL: JEANNE LOUISE BULLIARD; A BEAUTIFUL MIND: ELI REED; GHOST WORLD: TRACY BENNETT; THE LORD OF THE RINGS: PIERRE VINET; SHREK: © DREAMWORKS PICTURES

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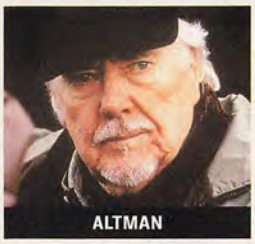
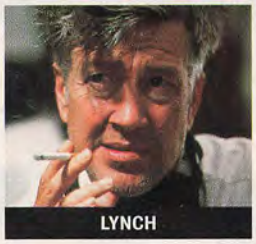

ALTMAN

HOWARD

JACKSON

LUHRMANN


LYNCH

BEST DIRECTOR

WITH NO APPARENT FRONT-RUNNER IN this category, voters may choose to honor directors whose movies don't make the Best Picture cut. So even if *Mulholland Drive* fails to earn the big nod, two-time nominee DAVID LYNCH could still find himself recognized for his singularly bizarre vision (that is, if the Academy can get past the film's small-screen origins). They'll also likely include four-time directing nominee ROBERT ALTMAN, who gracefully handles 23 leads in *Gosford Park*.

Of the filmmakers looking for their first directing nods, the surest bet has to be PETER JACKSON, whose ambitious take on *The Lord of the Rings* has earned critical kudos and monster dough. RON HOWARD's Golden Globe nod for *A Beautiful Mind* bodes well for the man who guided *Apollo 13* to nine nominations but has never been recognized in this category.

As for the rest: RIDLEY SCOTT might make it two nominations in a row with *Black Hawk Down*, although the war drama, which was shut out at the Globes, lacks *Gladiator*'s momentum. STEVEN SPIELBERG did receive a nod from the Globes, but *A.I.*'s chilly reception hurts his chances. MICHAEL MANN was nominated two years ago for *The Insider*, but *Ali* didn't end up on many top 10 lists. CHRISTOPHER NOLAN turned heads with *Memento*'s backward brilliance, but that film will likely be viewed more as a triumph of writing. Ditto *In the Bedroom*'s TODD FIELD, whose film may lack the visual pizzazz to earn a nod. Perhaps the last slot, then, could go to BAZ LUHRMANN, whose hyper first half hour of *Moulin Rouge* gives way to a lush love story.

For your consideration

EW LIKES: THE WAY A FLUSTERED AMELIE morphs into a cascade of water; the photo-booth pictures that talk back; and the starburst visions that remind us why Paris is so romantic. EW dislikes: That JEAN-PIERRE JEUNET might not get an Oscar nod.

THE CRITICS' CHOICES

Want another opinion? Or a third or fourth? Here's how the major awards panels weighed in.

Critics	Picture	Director	Actor	Actress	Supporting Actor	Supporting Actress	Screenplay	Foreign Film
National Board of Review	*Moulin Rouge*	Todd Field, *In the Bedroom*	Billy Bob Thornton, *The Man Who Wasn't There, Monster's Ball, Bandits*	Halle Berry, *Monster's Ball*	Jim Broadbent, *Iris, Moulin Rouge*	Cate Blanchett, *The Shipping News, The Man Who Cried, Lord of...*	Rob Festinger & Todd Field, *In the Bedroom*	*Amores Perros*
New York Film Critics Circle	*Mulholland Drive*	Robert Altman, *Gosford Park*	Tom Wilkinson, *In the Bedroom*	Sissy Spacek, *In the Bedroom*	Steve Buscemi, *Ghost World*	Helen Mirren, *Gosford Park*	Julian Fellowes, *Gosford Park*	*In the Mood for Love*
Los Angeles Film Critics Association	*In the Bedroom*	David Lynch, *Mulholland Drive*	Denzel Washington, *Training Day*	Sissy Spacek, *In the Bedroom*	Jim Broadbent, *Iris, Moulin Rouge*	Kate Winslet, *Iris*	Christopher Nolan, *Memento*	*No Man's Land*
Boston Society of Film Critics	*Mulholland Drive*	David Lynch, *Mulholland Drive*	Denzel Washington, *Training Day;* Brian Cox, *L.I.E.*	Tilda Swinton, *The Deep End*	Ben Kingsley, *Sexy Beast*	Cameron Diaz, *Vanilla Sky*	Christopher Nolan, *Memento*	*Amores Perros*
National Society of Film Critics	*Mulholland Drive*	Robert Altman, *Gosford Park*	Gene Hackman, *The Royal Tenenbaums*	Naomi Watts, *Mulholland Drive*	Steve Buscemi, *Ghost World*	Helen Mirren, *Gosford Park*	Julian Fellowes, *Gosford Park*	*In the Mood for Love*
AFI Awards	*The Lord of the Rings*	Robert Altman, *Gosford Park*	Denzel Washington, *Training Day*	Sissy Spacek, *In the Bedroom*	Gene Hackman, *The Royal Tenenbaums*	Jennifer Connelly, *A Beautiful Mind*	Christopher Nolan, *Memento*	N/A

ALTMAN: MARK TILLIE; HOWARD: ELI REED; JACKSON: PIERRE VINET; LUHRMANN: DOUGLAS KIRKLAND; LYNCH: MELISSA MOSELEY; JEUNET: BRUNO CALVO

EVERYBODY MUST GET STONE

ANGIE STONE DOESN'T CARE FOR THE "NEO-SOUL" TAG THAT'S USUALLY affixed to her, Alicia Keys, Maxwell, and other Donny-come-latelies who color their balladry with shades of classic R&B. She finds the prefix marginalizing, preferring the term *real soul*, thank you. But if you want to call Stone "the queen of neo-soul," as some have, "it doesn't bother me," chuckles J Records kingpin Clive Davis. "Some artists do chafe at the narrowness of that category. But having royalty in my blood, with Aretha being the queen of soul"—Davis helped shepherd Franklin through her own reign—"it's almost nice that they came up with 'neo-soul,' so you don't have the conflict."

Aretha might abdicate her throne to get the kind of notices Angie's garnered lately. *Los Angeles Times* critic Robert Hilburn called her *Mahogany Soul* one of only three 4-star albums of 2001 (along with Bob Dylan's and the White Stripes'). Critics for *USA Today*, EW, and the *Daily News* also included her sophomore release among their top 10s. *Mahogany* was just as red-hot in *Billboard*, where it tied with labelmate Alicia Keys' *Songs in A Minor* for third-best album of the year.

Our soul purpose? To turn you on to Angie Stone, a diva who'd be flying high if she weren't under the radar

Missing: Keys-level sales and visibility. Maybe the first single was a bit too brave to get the project off to a blockbuster start. "Brotha" assumes the onus of rehabilitating the image of African-American men on urban radio after years of "No Scrubs"-style disses. And though it's as catchy as anything out, it may be asking too much even of ghetto-obsessed white kids to walk down the street singing "I love you, my black brotha, strong brotha..." But no one can fault the attempt at musical mending. "I think that my brothers have caught a lot of duff in the game," says Stone. "And I wanted to spearhead all of the women in music to not be so hard on our men through song. Because we can only be so many bitches, and they can only be so many dogs. After you run out of that, what are you? You're queens and kings."

Sing it, sister. Of course, positivity can be a bitch, commercially speaking. But Stone rues how hip-hop's mutual sexual antagonism has helped poison the relationship between the sexes: "People use that platform to vent," she says, in a rasp of a voice barely hinted at in her smooth stage chops. "What I don't want to do is follow it up to the point where our entire society of music is filled with that kind of venom. Somebody has to balance the scales."

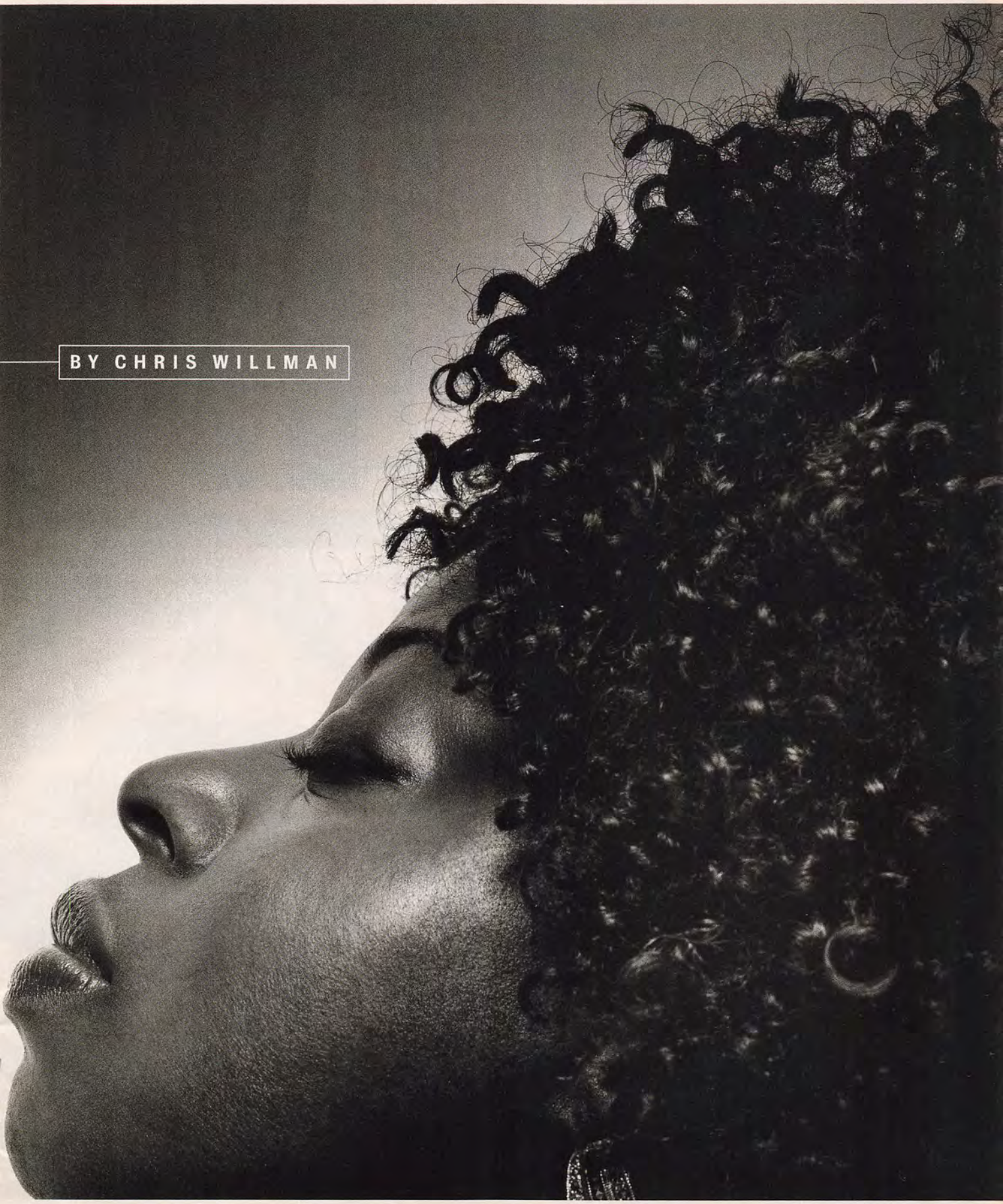
Stone may sound like a hip-hop outsider, but when it comes to rap, the 37-year-old diva has been there, abandoned that. As "Angie B," the Columbia, S.C., native cofounded the first female rap trio of any note, Sequence, in the early '80s, forgoing a basketball scholarship. Later she completed an unremarkable R&B trio called Vertical Hold and toured as a sax player with Lenny Kravitz. "I've deviated from soul music, tried to keep up with what was going on, flavor of the month. Did *not* work for me," she says, a true fundamentalist.

What did work was cowriting and coproducing D'Angelo's 1995 *Brown Sugar*, oft regarded as the birth of neo-soul. The pair also collaborated on Stone's second child, Michael D'Angelo Archer II, now 4. (Daughter Diamond is 17.) That waning alliance spawned headaches when her own *Black Diamond* debuted in 1999. "I spent a lot of time defending myself. My life was such an open book that I'd never had a chance to redefine who I was. A lot of people thought I was bouncing back from heartbreak. I had to prove that I was somebody before I was a baby-mama"—that is, mama to a superstar's kid—"and I didn't like that."

Now she has a newfound "soul mate," Calvin Richardson, who sings on *Mahogany*'s "More Than a Woman." Though she's shared mikes with Musiq Soulchild and Prince, she claims she'll never duet with anyone but Calvin again; in fact, her next project will be a duets album with him. Any role models? "Is there anybody *you* can think of?" she laughs. "Of course. We want to grow up to be like Donny and Roberta, and Marvin and Tammy."

Nobody else she'd consider a future duet with? "Yep—Marvin Gaye and Curtis Mayfield," offers the queen. "How about that?" It *would* be a command performance. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY PLATON



BY CHRIS WILLMAN

SALVATION ARMY

On location in Morocco, BLACK HAWK DOWN battles to re-create a rescue mission gone terribly wrong. »

Y

BY CHRIS NASHAWATY

AT THE MOMENT, JERRY BRUCKHEIMER IS pretty damned pleased with himself. ■ Standing on the scorching tarmac of a Moroccan air force base on the outskirts of the North African capital Rabat, the producer whips out a ridiculously pricey camera with a telephoto lens the size of a hoagie. He's brought it all the way from Los Angeles, packed and padded as securely as a donated kidney, because he wants to forever freeze this moment of pure Hollywood power. He holds the viewfinder up to his aviator shades, and snaps away at the most expensive star of *Black Hawk Down*. The grin plastered across his face says he likes what he sees. ■ Now, no offense to Josh Hartnett. Or any of the other actors in Bruckheimer and director Ridley Scott's new war film. But the star that the producer's shooting so lovingly is a helicopter—four of them, actually. And it took all the clout the 56-year-old Bruckheimer's billion-dollar résumé could muster to get them here from their home base: the U.S. Army's 160th Special Operations Aviation Regiment at Fort Campbell, Ky. After all, these

aren't the lumbering Vietnam-era Hueys that Coppola and Kubrick wrangled for their war movies. These are Black Hawks. Fourteen million state-of-the-art bucks' worth of computer gizmology and self-cooling turbine guns a pop. All together, that's $56 million in props sprawled out on the sun-bleached runway like giant, menacing dragonflies.

Even Bruckheimer seems amazed by his coup. He goes on and on about the choppers, dropping military specs and jargon like flash grenades. "You have no idea what it took to get these here," he says. "The State Department got involved, the Moroccan government—this is considered a troop movement!"

Leave it to a reporter to deflate his balloon.

"So, Jerry, what happens if there's a situation somewhere and the Army needs these things back?"

Bruckheimer looks down and fiddles with the lens cap. And when he raises his head, the sugarplum smile's vanished.

"Well, they take 'em. This is just a movie. This isn't the real world."

» THAT WAS LAST April. And needless to say, after Sept. 11 the Army did, in fact, need them. But by then Bruckheimer and Scott had wrapped their $90 million movie. Now those very same Black Hawks are in Afghanistan. And, in a way, their journey has paralleled the movie's, albeit on a far more portentous scale. After all, as Bruckheimer said, this *is* just a movie; Hollywood isn't the real world. Still, the filmmakers have been forced to grapple with the fact that the movie they set out to make is, in many ways, no longer the movie they have on their hands.

Based on journalist Mark Bowden's 1999 best-seller, *Black Hawk Down* chronicles in brutal minute-by-minute detail a 1993 raid in Mogadishu, Somalia. There as part of a U.N. peacekeeping mission to help Somalis create a stable government, U.S. Army Rangers and the elite Delta Force attempted to capture two of food-hoarding warlord Mohamed Farrah Aidid's top henchmen. The mid-afternoon assignment was supposed to take an hour. It ended in tragedy the next morning with 18 American soldiers (and more than 500 Somalis) dead.

1

2

3

HEART OF DARKNESS (1) U.S. Rangers rush to free a downed copter pilot; (2) Black Hawks over Mogadishu; (3) Tom Guiry dodges bullets

» TOM SIZEMORE IS POINTING AN UNLOADED 9MM pistol at me. With his blood-spattered face, he looks as if he just got whacked with a sackful of nickels. And since he's an actor who's known to be a bit of a loaded gun himself, it's hard to concentrate on anything he has to say because he keeps pulling the gun's trigger to punctuate his sentences. Seconds ago, Sizemore was trapped in a Humvee under heavy fire. But now he's getting more fake blood applied to his mug from a condiment squeeze bottle. "I've been through two boot camps now between this and *Saving Private Ryan*," says the 37-year-old actor, cocking the hammer of his gun again. "If my acting career dies, I could always be a mercenary because I *dig* this!" At least, that's what I think he says.

Sidi Moussa is a squalid labyrinth of slums a half hour's drive north up the Atlantic Ocean coast from Rabat. On its western edge, the surf crashes onto a beach blanketed with trash where wild dogs rummage for scraps. Today, the shantytown is standing in for Mogadishu, and Bowden—one of the few American reporters to venture into Somalia after the U.S. incursion—says the set looks and smells "spookily familiar." The blistering high-noon sun turns the grimy streets into a living petri dish. Flies dance on detonated blood squibs on the muddy ground, while the dueling odors of human waste and grilled lamb fight for your nostrils' attention. Or, as Sizemore delicately describes it, "it's a Third World smell: s--- and dead cat and garbage. It's the stench of death."

Listed under the heading "Potential Hazards and Risks" on *Black Hawk Down*'s Day 28 call sheet are the following caveats: "flying debris...injury from squibs if standing too close, burns from black & white smoke machines, injury from piano wire, asphyxiation from prolonged smoke exposure, lacerations from flying glass/debris." (Strangely enough, there's no mention of Tom Sizemore.)

Oblivious to the asphyxiation warning, Ridley Scott twirls the end of a Montecristo cigar over a lighter, raises the stogie to his lips, and starts nonchalantly puffing away while

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Sizemore gets shot at in his Humvee again. During a break in the action, the 64-year-old director says he wishes they could have made the film in Somalia, but adds: "It's too bloody dangerous still. They'd kill you just as soon as look at you. You'd need your own army."

Actually, Scott has one. Wandering around the set with video cameras are 40 Rangers on loan from the armed forces. It's strange: The soldiers are starstruck by the actors milling around in fatigues, and the actors are in awe of the soldiers in civvies. They're like two exotic species fawning over one another. "It's funny, we went in thinking this was a military debacle," says Hartnett, 23, who plays real-life sergeant Matt Eversmann. "But that's not the way the Rangers see it. To them, it was a job well done. And it's a credit to them that more people *didn't* die."

A few feet from Hartnett, Scott sits in Sidi Moussa's one spot of shade—a makeshift tent from which he watches the action on a pair of video monitors. Wiping the mud and fake blood from his boots, he says, "Part of the fun of making *Gladiator* was the elegance of the Roman period, but this is like a giant documentary. The goal is to leave the audience to debate this: Is it right for the biggest entity in the world to be the watchdog for the rest of the world? I don't have a smart answer, I just want to show what happened and how it happened."

WAR GAMES Scott (left), with star Hartnett, directs maneuvers on the set

Yet how it happened, at least according to Bowden's book, is not the stuff of typical Hollywood movies. Especially the red-white-and-blue *Top Gun–Pearl Harbor* variety that producer Bruckheimer is known for. "Ridley's not interested in making an American patriotic movie and I think Jerry is," says Bowden, 50, "so it's been an interesting dynamic."

While Bowden's book celebrates the brave, leave-no-fallen-comrade-behind ethos of the Rangers, it also splices into its narrative more critical chapters told from the Somali point of view—a balance all but missing from the finished film. In fact, some reviewers have charged that *Black Hawk Down* is racist, since there are virtually no African-American soldiers on the U.S. side (in fairness, only two were involved in the actual incident) and the black "skinnies" on the Somali side are mowed down like inconsequential videogame targets. Scott brushes off this beef, saying "I think you see in it what you want. Remember, I'm not an American, so I just want to portray this as a reportage of events."

» BY THE MORNING OF SEPT. 11, SCOTT ALREADY had a cut of the movie and was in the middle of post-production in L.A. when he got a call from his son Luke, who lived two blocks from the World Trade Center. A few weeks later, as Hollywood scrambled to figure out what passed for entertainment after the terrorist attacks, the director met with Bruckheimer and the heads of Revolution Studios and Sony Pictures to hash out what to do. While the film had originally been slated to come out in March, it was decided that not only would Sony *not* shelve it, but it would push the release up to December so it could qualify for Oscar consideration. Says Scott: "Life must return, as [former New York City mayor Rudolph] Giuliani said, right? So we decided we ought to go out now because it's incredibly relevant." Adds Bruckheimer: "You never know what's going to happen with world events—things could get worse sooner as much as later. It's pure flipping a coin. But when we started showing it to audiences they all agreed with us to get it out there early."

One thing those test audiences did not agree with, however, was a postscript tacked onto the end of the movie that drew connections between the United States' lack of foreign intervention in the wake of the Somalia tragedy and the cause of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. "About half the audience thought we should keep it and half thought we shouldn't," says Bruckheimer. "And the 50 percent who said to take it out felt pretty strongly...so we took it out."

Still, Scott and Bruckheimer insist that nothing else in the film was changed in light of current events. And both stand by their high-stakes gamble to go out early with *Black Hawk Down*—even though they do admit they're nervous (it opens wide Jan. 18). Perhaps the only person who's not at home tensely poring over faxes of box office tracking numbers and studying industry tea leaves is Mark Bowden. When asked in Morocco last April to handicap the odds on the movie version of *Black Hawk Down*, he smiled like a man holding an unbeatable poker hand and said: "If people like the movie they'll go out and buy the book. And if they don't like the movie, well, they'll say it wasn't as good as the book. That's my prediction." ■

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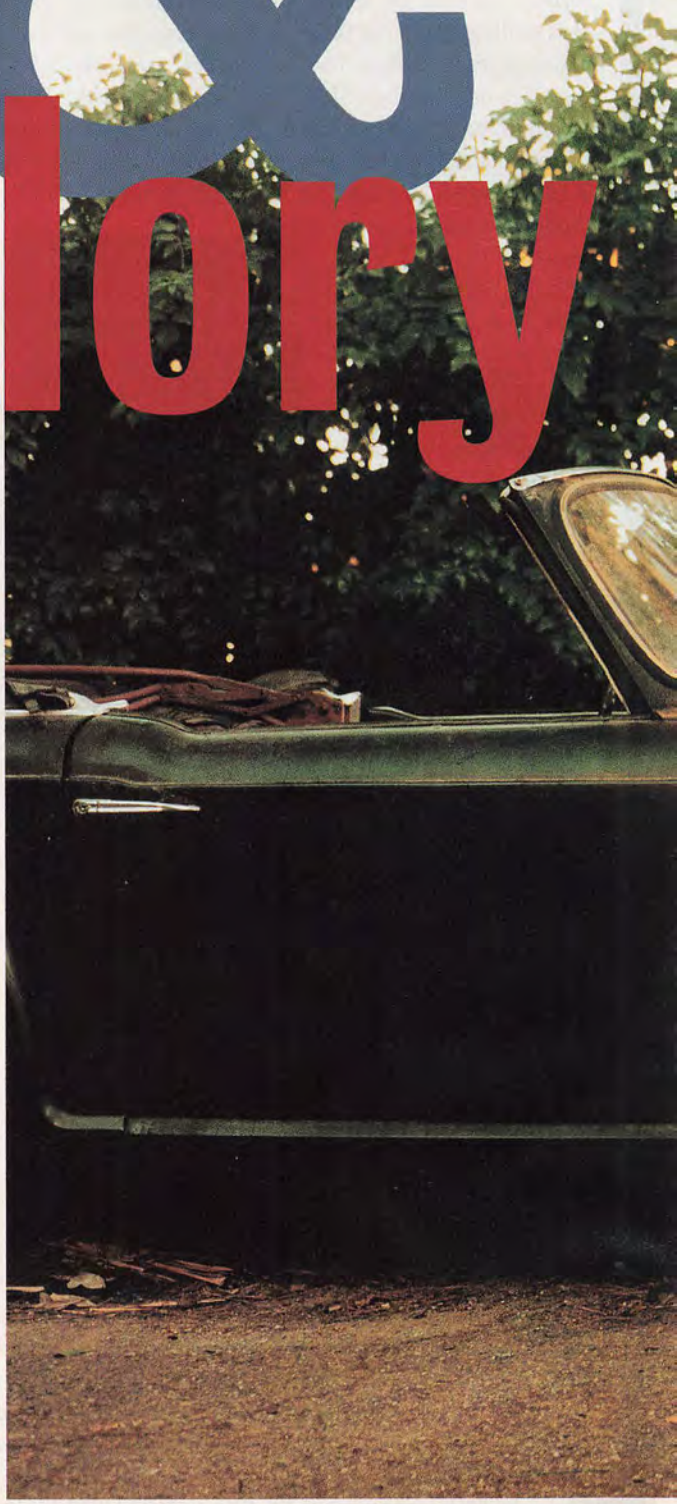
SIDNEY BALDWIN

BY LYNETTE RICE

hope & glory

Kevin Williamson tries for a TV comeback with The WB's GLORY DAYS, a spooky drama about a small town where life is but a scream



THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING SCARY ABOUT A Kevin Williamson project, be it a rash of sliced-up teens, a meat-hook-wielding fisherman, or a hyper-verbal film geek named Dawson. But right now the scariest thing about *Glory Days*, the *Scream* creator's newest series for The WB (premiering Jan. 16), is the abominable weather. We're on the set in the dead of a Vancouver winter; raindrops keep falling on the actors' heads, and *oh look, the space heater caught that gal's nylon parka on fire* mishaps abound, but the cameras continue to roll. • "I've never been so consistently cold for so long in my life," complains costar Poppy Montgomery (best known for her acclaimed turn as Marilyn Monroe in last year's CBS miniseries *Blonde*). Adds frost-nipped costar Jay R. Ferguson (*The In Crowd*): "They get rain, wind, and snow all at the *same time*. I've never been in anything like this before." • Funny, neither has The WB. Eager to stave off a bitter ratings chill—UPN's now ahead of the Frog net as the fifth most-watched network—the home of angsty sudsers like *Felicity* and *Dawson's Creek* is looking to heat things up with *Glory*, a *Northern Exposure*–cum–*X-Files* murder mystery for the MTV crowd. The story unfolds when washed-up novelist Mike Dolan (*Friends*' Eddie Cahill) returns home to Glory, a place where "weird's gone on overtime" thanks to a disturbing rash of pranks, break-ins, and bizarre murders. Eager

SCREAM TEAM
Montgomery and Cahill dig for *Glory*'s secrets

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS McPHERSON

to find the truth behind his dad's "accidental" death, Mike teams with comely coroner Ellie (Montgomery) and inexperienced sheriff Rudy (Ferguson) to solve the many mysteries of his eerie island—and, The WB hopes, to create a franchise that young men will actually watch.

"Look at the success of *CSI* and how it skews younger," says WB Entertainment president Jordan Levin. "We definitely want to play an edge."

And who better to help The WB than Williamson, who gave the netlet instant success with *Dawson's* in 1998 and who singlehandedly created the slasher-satire genre with films like *Scream* and *I Know What You Did Last Summer*. Williamson took a stormy chapter from his own life to tell the story of Dolan, whose so-called fictitious book about Glory Island (which, among other things, suggests that Papa Dolan was offed and that Sheriff Rudy is gay) hits too close to home for family and friends.

"*Dawson's* was autobiographical, and I exposed things in the story lines that I got flak for—things about my family that people saw," Williamson recalls. "I'd change the names and sometimes the outcomes, but you still hear about it. If I were dating someone and we got into a big fight, Dawson and Joey would get into a fight in the same manner."

GLORY BOUND (1) Williamson and (2) *Days'* Ferguson

Dealing with ticked-off family and friends is definitely scary, but Williamson did not envision *Glory* as a thriller when he pitched it to The WB last spring. Still, after filming the original pilot—a dramedy about Dolan's struggle to reconcile with Glory's townsfolk (featuring a cameo by Kirstie Alley as his agent)—WB execs decided *Glory* needed less young-adult *agita* and more fear factor.

"Introducing the murder-mystery franchise was a direct response to our fear that another serialized drama was risky in this economic environment, [because] they're harder to repeat and have become more costly," says Levin. "Mysteries are a durable programming genre throughout the history of TV. This was the one available genre that no one has introduced to a younger audience."

So, out went the lighthearted tone and sunny locale (production was moved from Southern California to perma-overcast Vancouver); in came Dad's mysterious death and Ellie the kooky coroner, who keeps dead bodies in her garden to study how they decompose. Williamson, meanwhile, understood the need for the creepy overhaul. "It would have become a soap opera real quick," he admits of *Glory*'s first draft. "I've done a few R movies, I've done *Dawson's*, but I've never done a possessed-kid story. There's something new about this for me."

The same can be said for *Glory*'s sexy star. This is Cahill's first leading role after appearing last season as Rachel's shaggy-haired boy toy, Tag, on *Friends* (a part that *Smallville*'s Tom Welling auditioned for before he was cast as the Teen of Steel for The WB). Though Cahill had previously guested on *Sex and the City* and *Felicity*, *Friends* was "baptism by fire. [It was] six megastars and me sitting in a room. I'm going, 'I'm either dreaming, or I'm getting fired,'" says Cahill, who now costars with *Titanic*'s Frances Fisher (as Dolan's mom) and *Black Widow*'s Theresa Russell (as the misunderstood town tramp). "This is a whole different thing. It's worth it, but it's a challenge. I anticipate keeping a healthy head about it and pray that I have the strength to do so. It can be a mother."

Williamson certainly knows something about pressure. After pumping out *Scream*, *Summer*, and *Dawson's* between 1996 and 1998, Williamson became Hollywood's newest It Boy—a position that provided him with a landslide of offers, none of which he wanted to turn down. By 1999, he found himself directing his first movie, *Teaching Mrs. Tingle*, executive-producing and rewriting *Halloween: H20*, developing and launching *Wasteland* for ABC, and finishing up the second season of *Dawson's*—all at the same time.

"It's what I call my insane period," Williamson recalls. "I wasn't given the tools and the skills to survive Hollywood, and I think I stumbled a little bit. You're scared the shoe will drop off the other foot and you're just gonna go away. I lived in total fear. I did not know how to say no.

"I worked so much, I didn't have any personal life," he continues. "It's the classic story: What are you working for? I had a great home that I didn't see. I was sleeping on the floor with no pillow so I wouldn't sleep, so I would wake up every few hours and go back to the computer. That's insane! But I had deadlines. I was self-destructing. There's no way anybody could have met the timelines that I had, but I kept trying. I fell apart."

Relief came when *Wasteland* was canceled after only three episodes, and Williamson took a much-needed year off to sleep and reacquaint himself with a "long-ignored personal life." Old habits die hard, however: The writer still has a romantic comedy in development at Universal and a serial-killer series in the works at HBO. For now, though, Williamson is keeping those projects on the back burner so he can give *Glory* his best shot.

"We've had great luck doing follow-up shows with some of our creators, whether it's [*7th Heaven*'s] Aaron Spelling on *Charmed* or [*Buffy*'s] Joss Whedon on *Angel*," says Levin. "These people provide a foundation of trust to build on—and that really helps us a lot." So if *Glory* becomes a *Dawson's*-size hit, is Williamson in any danger of repeating his sleep-deprived, multitasking, the-floor-is-my-pillow high jinks? The scribe's blood runs cold at the thought: "I've learned how to put a big ol' dead bolt on my door." ■

(PREVIOUS PAGE) HAIR: GREGG LEWENDOWSKI/REX; MAKEUP: KIKI BENET; (THIS PAGE) 1: KHAREN HILL; 2: SHANE HARVEY

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NOBODY BEATS THE WIZ

IAN McKELLEN conjures up a new role: LORD of the box office. by Gillian Flynn

GO TO NEW YORK'S TIMES SQUARE. NOD IN DEFERENCE TO the two-story *Lord of the Rings* billboard looming above. Then turn onto 44th Street, slip down the circuitous back stairs of the Broadhurst Theatre, and you will find Ian McKellen in his dressing room. Fresh from a performance of August Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, the 62-year-old actor lights Dunhill reds off a squat candle and graciously answers the tap-taps at his door: A string of admirers want to pay respects. But the kudos aren't all aimed at his tricky work on stage. Of late, McKellen's fan base has broadened beyond theater aficionados to include comics buffs (thanks to his villainous turn as Magneto in 2000's *X-Men*) and J.R.R. Tolkien enthusiasts (see that *Lord of the Rings* billboard). Considering his silvery hair, throaty British cadence, and crisp tweed trousers, who'd have guessed this is a guy anchoring two massive sci-fi franchises?

'LORD OF THE RINGS'

"We were doing a photo shoot in Times Square, and two black guys, young guys, saw me and said, 'Magneto! Hey, man!' They were high-fiving and all that. The Brit didn't know quite what to do," says McKellen. "In [theater], you can begin to think you're only working for a small group of people within society: middle-class, probably middle-aged, probably university educated. Like me. Film is a much more popular medium, so now I feel I'm a bit more of a citizen of the world."

A much-favored one: The first installment of the Tolkien trilogy, *The Fellowship of the Ring*, is dominating about 10,000 screens to the tune of $435 million worldwide—and McKellen is winning raves for his role as a certain volatile gray wizard. "He was simply the first and only person that we wanted to be Gandalf," says *Ring* director Peter Jackson. "He's the kind of actor who disappears—you see him in that beard and the oily hair, and there's no Ian McKellen anymore."

McKellen himself wasn't entirely sure he wanted to take up the magic maker's staff. "I didn't know Gandalf from hobbits," he admits. "Then I heard *year's work*, *three films*, *big project*—and thought, That's just, perhaps, what I want to do."

In the end, McKellen signed on, despite having never seen any of Jackson's infamous gore flicks. "Thank God I hadn't, because if I had...it's not to my taste, all that stuff."

The 15-month, effects-laden shoot throughout New Zealand was novel for McKellen, who's spent much of his four decades as an actor amassing awards for treading the boards—in fact, the last time he worked at the Broadhurst, in 1980, he won a Tony as Salieri in *Amadeus*. Despite screen work since the late '60s (as a gay activist in *And the Band Played On* and a doomsaying preacher in *Cold Comfort Farm*, among others), it was, suitably, his 1995 adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard III*—in which he played the king as a Hitlerian despot—that marched McKellen into Hollywood. "If it hadn't been for Kenneth Branagh's cheek in making his own *Henry V* when *we all know* Olivier's version did it all..." he says. "It made me think, as much as I admired Olivier's *Richard III*, maybe there's room for another version."

Meaty films followed, including *Apt Pupil*, with McKellen as an aged Nazi secreted in small-town America, and *Gods and Monsters*, in which he played *Frankenstein* director James Whale. His Oscar-nominated portrayal of the gay artist had resonance: McKellen came out publicly in 1988—"It's the only thing of importance I've ever done in my life," he notes—and wrote about it in his one-man show, *A Knight Out* (the director of *Dance of Death*, Sean Mathias, is an ex). "I felt I'd thrown off a great weight on my heart that I didn't realize had been there for...49 years," he says. "Some people say my acting's improved, and I wouldn't be surprised because everything in my life's improved. You're not censoring your emotions in any way—I find it easier to cry and easier to be happy."

Next for McKellen (Sir Ian to you since 1991): a reunion with *Apt Pupil* director Bryan Singer for an *X-Men* sequel, due to start filming this year (the next two movies in the *Lord of the Rings* series, due in December 2002 and 2003, have been shot already). He also has to feed the beast—his ardent fans—with regular postings on his website, *mckellen.com*. "With an autobiography, you finish it, stop writing, go on with your life, but this is always there," he says. "I imagine one day I'll be dying and say to the doctor: I just need to post this e-mail, to let the fans know I'm dying!" ■

INSET: PIERRE VINET; (OPPOSITE PAGE) AGENCY: EDGE; STYLING: SAMANTHA STRAUSS; GROOMING: JOE SIMON/ARTISTS; CLOTHES: DONNA KARAN; SHOES: JOHN VARVATOS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF RIEDEL

COCKTAIL CULTURE
The cosmopolitan *Park* guests drink big

Sly Society

Robert Altman's roguish ensemble drama *Gosford Park* knocks the stuffing out of English period pieces. by Owen Gleiberman

THE OPENING CREDITS of Robert Altman's grandly entertaining **Gosford Park** are so thoroughly prestige-packed they're funny. It's a drizzly afternoon in the English countryside in 1932. As the camera hovers and zooms around the entranceway of a fusty gray estate, gliding in the patented, open-eyed voyeuristic style that Altman has employed since the early '70s (that style isn't dated—it's timeless), Maggie Smith, at the full tilt of her dainty megalomania, exits the estate and climbs into a Rolls-Royce, and the names of hallowed British actors, old and new, appear before us in a kind of luxurious bounty: Alan Bates. Derek Jacobi. Helen Mirren. Emily Watson. Michael Gambon. Richard E. Grant. Kristin Scott Thomas. Charles Dance. And on and on. The movie might almost be winking at the fact that any single one of these performers could easily be the featured star of his or her own upper-crust period piece.

Gosford Park
STARRING
Michael Gambon
Maggie Smith
USA FILMS
RATED R
137 MINUTES

The wink only gets more pronounced when it turns out that the director has cast most of the venerable players not as lords and ladies but as butlers and housemaids. *Gosford Park* is Altman's *Masterpiece Theatre* movie, all right, but it's an elegantly topsy-turvy one—a succulent and devious drawing-room mystery that, in its panoramic way, takes a puckish pleasure in scrambling and reshuffling the worlds of upstairs and downstairs. That jackpot roster of esteemed thespians recalls the ridiculously oversize parade of celebrity cameos that Altman was able to summon for *The Player*, in which he sent up the Hollywood star system by whipping it at its own game. In *Gosford Park*, he does a comparable number on the universe of Merchant Ivory: He skewers it and trumps it at the same time.

The movie is set in a remote mansion whose aging proprietor, the crusty, lecherous, mostly reviled Sir William McCordle (Gambon), is playing host to a shooting party. His terribly bored wife, Lady Sylvia (Scott Thomas), is there, along with her two even more miserably

MARK TILLIE

married sisters. Other relatives, like the fragile, tippling snob Aunt Constance (Smith), have been invited, and so has a quietly gay Hollywood producer (Bob Balaban) and the matinee idol Ivor Novello (Jeremy Northam). Each of the many guests shows up with a servant in attendance, and as these hired hands mingle with the house staff, presided over by the fearfully devoted Mrs. Wilson (Mirren), they gossip about their masters with an obsessiveness that suggests ingrown generations of bruised identification. (It has an especially resonant overtone in the age of celebrity.)

In *Gosford Park*, the slaving and the "entitled" classes are quartered in different sections of the house, but they're no more separate than two sides of a pond. The whole way that Altman orchestrates his dense, sprawling, multicharacter style, with its liquid shifts in point of view, becomes his implicit wry commentary on the class system, which is that you *can't* divvy it up into parts. The classes flow into each other—sexually, spiritually, familially. That's the film's drama and its meaning. The atmosphere, however plummy on the surface, is rich with corrupt and covetous desire. The pheasants, it turns out, won't be the only sitting ducks.

Gosford Park delivers all of the manners and stately repression and after-dinner sherry-toast banter that audiences have come to expect from the latest poshly reverent adaptation of Austen or James. The fact that Altman, working from Julian Fellowes' witty and intricate screenplay (it's based on an idea by Altman and Balaban), simply made his up is part of the joke; he outclasses the typical Merchant Ivory production, and he does it with a fake pedigree. The droll aristocratic dialogue gets tossed off with the same sidelong flippancy we're used to in contemporary Altman films, which is the perfect mode for a society in which scandal burbles beneath manners. The acid remarks aren't trumpeted; they're murmured and then swept under the rug. Altman invites us to revel in a culture of beauty and refinement and then, with a finesse that can only be called polite, he pulls up the rug.

There's a murder in the night, and the movie takes a twist into Agatha Christie terrain, complete with the appearance of a dolt detective (Stephen Fry). Except that it's all a big throwaway, since virtually no one on screen gives a damn about the dead man. That light-fingered acerbic quality is the reason that *Gosford Park*, seductive as it is, isn't finally one of the great Altman films. It never approaches the visionary passion of *Nashville*, the scalding satirical audacity of *The Player*. Yet it's full of moments to savor. At 76, Altman has a spry mastery that's inspiring. The acting, down to the smallest role, is superb (even Ryan Phillippe sparkles as a "Scottish" gigolo), and to single out any one performance would be tantamount to ignoring 25 others. Let me just say that I took special delight in the graspy hauteur of Maggie Smith, the inscrutable magnetic glower of Clive Owen, and the walking-on-air charm of Jeremy Northam, who at one point tickles the ivories and turns a song called "The Land of Might-Have-Been" into a sublime reverie of glorious old England—an England that, as the movie presents it, never existed. But we can all dream. **A–**

ReelWorld

News From Hollywood BY REBECCA ASCHER-WALSH

CHRISTENSEN

» LOVE AND WAR **Oliver Stone** is revisiting the Vietnam War with his script *The Hunted*, which producer **Irwin Winkler** (*The Shipping News*) hopes Stone will direct this summer. "It's about **Bobby Garwood**, the longest-held prisoner of war during the Vietnam conflict," says Winkler, who'd like to cast *Star Wars* and *Life as a House* hunk **Hayden Christensen**. Winkler is also planning a summer shoot for his biopic about **Cole Porter**, which will include 38 of Porter's songs. "He had a really crazy life," says Winkler. "He was married to the same woman for 34 years, but was gay. If you really examine his songs, the lyrics are all intertwined with his love for his wife and another man."

» *POTTER*'S YIELD If you're just beginning to get feeling back in your legs after sitting through the 2-hour-and-29-minute adaptation of the 309-page novel *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, the following figures will not please you. Based on the same page-to-minute ratio, this means that *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, at 341 pages, would result in a 2-hour-and-44-minute movie (the film is now in production for release next November). *Prisoner of Azkaban* (435 pages) would clock in at 3 hours and 30 minutes, and *Goblet of Fire* would have to include catered meals in the ticket price: At 734 pages, the adaptation would last for 5 hours and 54 minutes. *Potter* producer **David Heyman** admits this might be a bit much for even the hardiest Harry fans, adding that he and director **Chris Columbus** have "talked about making two films [from the fourth novel]—and Warner Brothers would kill me for saying it—but releasing one in November, having a cliff-hanger, and carrying into December." Sounds like a good plan. Otherwise, he'd better be prepared to carry us out of the theater. *(Reporting by Mari Cartel and William Keck; Rebecca Ascher-Walsh can be reached at* reel_world@ew.com)

BEAT THE CLOCK *Harry*'s Daniel Radcliffe is big time

CHRISTENSEN: ED GELLER/GLOBE PHOTOS; RADCLIFFE: KELLY JORDAN/GLOBE PHOTOS

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE American fighters try to take cover in *Black Hawk*

Battle Fatigue

Ridley Scott's harrowing take on a real-life military rescue, *Black Hawk Down*, can't give war a human face

COMBAT MOVIES, MORE than any other genre, are reflexively read through a prism of the time in which they're seen. The light in which those pictures were made casts shadows, too—the darn-clear stakes of World War II informed beacon-of-hope GI sagas in the '40s and '50s, the damn-muddy jungles of Vietnam produced equally furious pictures in the '70s and '80s. And if every generation gets the *Apocalypse Now*—and *The Best Years of Our Lives*—it needs, then the generation defined by 9/11/01 is seeing a very different **Black Hawk Down** from the one it might have seen on 9/10/01.

I say this even though what's on the screen wasn't reedited after U.S. troops were sent to Afghanistan, only released sooner than had been intended. Certainly those who troop to the aters for Ridley Scott's square-jawed, gung-ho-istic combat saga about a real-life 1993 U.S. military mission gone horribly wrong in Somalia now watch this story, about American soldiers fighting and dying in a land they may not understand, with reformatted hearts and minds. But even an audience moved to tender patriotism might wonder how Scott, a proven master of *Gladiator*-size visual showmanship, could have bombed away the personality of every man fighting until he's left with nothing more than pure combat.

Black Hawk Down is driven by scenes of gripping, unflinching battle, touched by the director's talent for communicating through the colors he chooses, even in the spray of mud on a wounded man's face. It's powered by extended stretches of pummeling, adrenalized battle that are perhaps the stylistic contributions of Scott's Delta Force of a producing colleague, Jerry Bruckheimer. But no one deserves censure, even in conservative times, for asking, Who *are* these guys with guns? And for requesting more from a war drama than images of blood and guts.

Black Hawk Down
STARRING
Josh Hartnett
Ewan McGregor
COLUMBIA
RATED R
143 MINUTES

Black Hawk Down is based on Mark Bowden's intense newspaper reportage, ultimately part of his best-selling book, about the U.S. military's single most costly firefight since Vietnam, in which 18 Americans died. (In the course of the siege, two Black Hawk helicopters were shot down.) Bowden had more space, of course, to explain who the Somali fighters were, and why even women and children were willing to attack the stranded Americans. (More than 500 Somalians died by battle's end.) But in all the 143 minutes of Scott's movie and Ken Nolan's screenplay, the black enemy remains virtually faceless.

The handsome fighting Americans are white, meanwhile, but for the most part interchangeable themselves. Josh Hartnett, Ewan McGregor, Tom Sizemore, Ron Eldard—they load their ammo, they blast away. As a man, each matters little in Scott's war; only as a man-shaped mass that shoots, shouts, and survives do they register. At a time when almost 2,000 of *The New York Times*' daily thumbnail profiles of the Sept. 11 dead have moved readers to tears over the months, a little recognition of individual souls—Somali, Afghan, American—may be what a war movie needs most to win. **B–** —*Lisa Schwarzbaum*

SIDNEY BALDWIN

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	EW READERS www.ew.com/criticalmass	JAMI BERNARD Knight-Ridder Syndicate	MIKE CLARK USA Today	JOANNA CONNORS Cleveland Plain Dealer	ROGER EBERT Chicago Sun-Times	RITA KEMPLEY Washington Post	LIAM LACEY Toronto Globe and Mail	TODD McCARTHY Variety	CARRIE RICKEY Philadelphia Inquirer	RENE RODRIGUEZ The Miami Herald	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
Ali	C+	B–	B–	A+	C–	C+	A–	B–	B	B–	B	B
A Beautiful Mind	A–	B–	A–	B–	A–	B	B	B	A–	B	B+	B+
Charlotte Gray	—	C+	C+	—	C–	—	—	C–	—	—	C	C
I Am Sam	—	D	F	—	D	C+	—	D	—	C+	C–	D+
Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius	—	—	—	—	B–	B+	B	C+	—	—	B+	B
Kate & Leopold	B	C	—	B	B	C	C	—	B	D	B–	C+
Lantana	—	B+	A–	—	B+	—	—	A	—	A–	B–	B+
The Lord of the Rings...	A–	B–	A–	A	B	A	A–	B	C+	B+	A	B+
The Royal Tenenbaums	B	B+	B	A+	B+	B+	A	B–	B+	A–	A	A–
The Shipping News	—	C+	C	B+	C–	B+	B	—	B+	C	C–	B–

Critical Mass Movie Poll: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

BALLOON MAN Penn is full of hot air in *I Am Sam*

Hey, Rube

Sean Penn plays dumb in the mentally challenged *I Am Sam*

DID THE CRITICS WHO HAVE fallen for Sean Penn's performance in **I Am Sam** see too many holiday movies? Playing a grown man with the mind of a 7-year-old, Penn doesn't do Academy Award grandstanding, exactly. He does the mincing, mushmouthed, look-what-a-dork-I-am impersonation of a "moron" that kids tend to perfect in second grade. As Sam, Penn waves his arms around like flippers and speaks in a voice as thick as pancake batter—the goo-goo voice of a big, effeminate baby. Here's the irony: At a moment when political incorrectness has become the new norm, the very crudeness of Penn's caricature—the fact that he plays Sam not as "mentally challenged" but as good old-fashioned retarded—becomes his way of getting down on his knees and begging for the audience's love.

I Am Sam, which wants to be *Rain Man* meets *Kramer vs. Kramer*, is a movie that leaves some people weeping, yet consider the howler at its core. Sam, an angelic bumpkin, is threatened with having his daughter taken away on the eve of her eighth birthday. The legal argument is that he won't be an appropriate parent once she's mentally older than he is. So here's a question: How did Sam, a Starbucks busboy who is too inept even to make the coffee, raise her up until then? How did he change the diapers, take her to the doctor, and pay the bills? Oh, I get it: He could do all of that because he's *sweet*. *I Am Sam* is the dumbing down of low-IQ sentimentality. **C–** —*OG*

I Am Sam
STARRING
Sean Penn
Michelle Pfeiffer
NEW LINE
RATED PG-13
120 MINUTES

Kin Dread

A teen outgrows his kooky family in the vibrant comedy *Orange County*

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT COLIN HANKS and Schuyler Fisk, bright-faced stars of **Orange County**, are the children of Tom Hanks and Sissy Spacek, respectively, and that director Jake Kasdan is the son of director Lawrence Kasdan, only adds to the charms of this offbeat comedy, a generous little story about the sons and daughters of incarcerating privilege. Hanks plays schlub-monikered high school senior Shaun Brumder, the only adult in a family of spoiled California babies—snockered mother (Catherine O'Hara), stoned brother (Jack Black), and money-obsessed father (John Lithgow) remarried to a young L.A. babe (Leslie Mann). All Shaun wants to do is escape, and everyone but his loyal girlfriend (Fisk) stands in his way.

SLOB STORY *Orange*'s Black and Hanks

The to-die-for supporting cast, which includes Lily Tomlin, Harold Ramis, Ben Stiller, and Kevin Kline, may have signed on just to do a solid for the stars' star parents (all except for madman Black, who signed on for the chance to appear in truly skeevy underpants). But they just as well may have grabbed their bit parts because they wisely admired the uniquely warped but maturely tolerant worldview of Mike White (*Chuck & Buck*), who wrote the script. Arriving amid the traditionally withered harvest of January releases, *Orange County* is peachy. **B+** —*LS*

Orange County
STARRING
Jack Black
Colin Hanks
PARAMOUNT
RATED PG-13
83 MINUTES

THE CATE ESCAPE Blanchett goes *Gray*

Scot Free

Cate Blanchett joins the French Resistance in *Charlotte Gray*

THE CURRENTLY UBIQUITOUS, STREEPishly accent-switching Cate Blanchett plays the title role in **Charlotte Gray** as a Scottish woman in London during World War II who becomes an undercover agent in support of the French Resistance in order to be nearer to her dashing RAF sweetheart, shot down in France. Once there, Charlotte (now called Dominique, but never heard speaking a word of French) is taken in at a picturesque farmhouse by Julien (Billy Crudup), an even more dashing Resistance leader of Communist philosophy, and Julien's feisty father (Michael Gambon), one of cinema's gruff patriotic gents of the Gallic wartime countryside. Everyone learns life lessons when not weeping, sabotaging Nazis, hiding Jewish children, or dressing in a chic style that might be called *la Résistance, par Armani*.

Charlotte Gray
STARRING
Cate Blanchett
Billy Crudup
WARNER BROS.
RATED PG-13
120 MINUTES

As directed by Gillian Armstrong from Jeremy Brock's workaday screenplay adaptation of Sebastian Faulks' 1999 novel, this is a frustratingly inert story, a bookend to last year's wooden *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*. It's a saga of sacrifice and patriotism in which, in the absence of anything more substantial, Blanchett's cheekbones are lit like monuments to freedom. Whether Charlotte's vivid red coat is a monument to the little girl in the red coat of *Schindler's List* is a subject for discussion after memory of the movie has evaporated, which happens immediately upon liberation from the theater. **C** —*LS*

I AM SAM: L. SEBASTIAN; *ORANGE COUNTY*: GEMMA LAMANA; *CHARLOTTE GRAY*: JAAP BUITENDIJK

The Week

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

» New Release

IMPOSTOR ◆ *(96 mins., Dimension, PG-13)* If you've always longed to overdose on the blue-ice-filter school of nightscape cinematography, then you've come to the right place. Nearly every moment in this frenzied mess of a techno-wasteland chase thriller looks as if it was shot inside a cave of neon. The entire movie has the meaninglessly burnished, sunglasses-at-midnight glow of an early-'90s car commercial—a visual scheme guaranteed to leave the audience squinting between yawns. If you squint hard enough, you may just catch a glimpse of Gary Sinise transforming his facial expression from earnest to stoic and then back again. He plays an elite military scientist in the paranoid, war-torn earth of 2079 who suddenly finds himself accused of being an alien replicant with a suicide bomb implanted in his heart. (Talk about geek metaphors.) Is he or isn't he? And why should you care? *Impostor* was adapted from a 1953 short story by Philip K. Dick, but it feels less like a cousin to *Blade Runner* than like a bottom-feeder sequel in the *Escape From New York* series. **D** —*OG*

» In Theaters

ALI ◆ *(158 mins., R)* In Michael Mann's achingly ambitious biographical epic, Will Smith undergoes the kind of astonishing self-transformation that makes you blink, then stare. The film presents the emergence of Cassius Clay and his transformation into Muhammad Ali as a totemic shift in American life—the full infusion (and threat) of black virtuosity and pride into the national bloodstream. The first hour is superb, but Ali's descent from the role of champion creates a dramatic quandary that Mann never quite figures his way out of. Ali's hunger for life remains mostly off screen, as does his relationship with the cultish, bullying leadership of the Nation of Islam. **B** (#633, Jan. 4) —*OG*

A BEAUTIFUL MIND ◆ *(135 mins., PG-13)* Playing the brilliant mathematician John Forbes Nash Jr., who managed his schizophrenia well enough to eventually win a Nobel Prize, Russell Crowe summons a powerful depiction of mental illness with barely an eyelid flicker separating manifestations of sickness from utterly sane displays of creative concentration. This thoughtful drama establishes the reality of Nash's world with such authority that we can taste the chalk dust on the blackboard. Jennifer Connelly plays Nash's wife; Ed Harris is an agent who recruits the professor to break codes. **B+** (#633, Jan. 4) —*LS*

TO EACH HIS CLONE *Impostor* asks: Is Sinise a replicant or a real boy?

HOW HIGH ◆ *(96 mins., R)* A stoner comedy starring blunt-toking rappers Method Man and Redman as brothers who tear up the ivy at Harvard. It's a mad, mangy string of weed-high jokes at the expense of absolutely everyone, including the rappers' own damn selves. **C+** (#633, Jan. 4) —*LS*

JIMMY NEUTRON: BOY GENIUS *(83 mins., G)* A lickety-split entertainment that might have been designed to make you scared of how much smarter your kids are than you. Jimmy, the matter-of-fact young brainiac, seems to have crammed all the world's knowledge into his oversize head. The movie itself is packed with more nimble and ingenious gags than all two and a half hours of *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. **B+** (#633, Jan. 4) —*OG*

KATE & LEOPOLD ◆ *(114 mins., PG-13)* Meg Ryan is a contemporary businesswoman whose dream man turns out to be a 19th-century duke, played by Hugh Jackman, who crashes through a wrinkle in time and ends up in her New York apartment. The romance is sweet and timeless—but so is the age-old notion that single career gals must be sexually punished for their ambition. **B–** (#633, Jan. 4) —*LS*

LANTANA ◆ *(113 mins., R)* Anthony LaPaglia lives deeply in the role of a grim, tired, adulterous police detective in this gnarled Australian import, one of those choking dissections of adult relationships in which every married anybody stumbles and trips while deceiving their somebody. It's one of those only-in-the-theater coincidences that the

KIMBERLY WRIGHT

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WINNER OF THE WEEK

Gene Hackman

He wins acting awards from both the American Film Institute and the National Society of Film Critics for his role in *The Royal Tenenbaums*.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Disney

Falling to Warner Bros., the Mouse House fails to claim the year's top box office share for the first time since 1997.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT DE MICHIELI; *A BEAUTIFUL MIND*: ELI REED

detective's wife—who suspects his infidelity—happens to be the patient of a psychotherapist whose disappearance is being investigated by said cop. **B–** (#634, Jan. 11) —*LS*

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING *(160 mins., PG-13)* Peter Jackson's enchanting adaptation of the first installment of J.R.R. Tolkien's classic fantasy trilogy is a joyfully conceived work of cinema that rewards both adepts and novices with the highest compliment of all: an intelligence and artistry *as a movie*, independent of blind fidelity to the page. Jackson excels at shifting perspectives, both structurally and visually, from the epic to the intimate and back again. **A** (#630, Dec. 14) —*LS*

THE MAJESTIC ◆ *(152 mins., PG)* There are a lot of achingly earnest themes in this strange, long story set in 1951 about a Hollywood screenwriter with amnesia in a small town where everyone agrees he's the long-lost son of the man who owns the local movie house. Jim Carrey plays it straight in a variation on the performer's own conflicted desires to conceal and reveal himself. **C+** (#633, Jan. 4) —*LS*

MULHOLLAND DRIVE ◆ *(145 mins., R)* Director David Lynch recombines the themes and fetishes and motifs that he has used again and again. Naomi Watts, who looks like a pixie Sharon Stone, is Betty, the latest of Lynch's blond angel women. Arriving in Hollywood, she is paired with the voluptuous "Rita" (Laura Elena Harring), a damaged dark girl up to her neckline in Mystery. Lynch holds you in his thrall—at least, until the baffling last act, a pretzel that doesn't connect with itself. **B+** (#621, Oct. 19) —*OG*

OCEAN'S ELEVEN ◆ *(118 mins., PG-13)* Steven Soderbergh's dizzy-spirited lark—a what-the-hell-let's-rob-the-casino flick made with so much dazzle and joy that it hits you like a shot of pure oxygen. **A** (#630, Dec. 14) —*OG*

THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS ◆ *(108 mins., R)* Wes Anderson's shimmering snow globe of a film features a fairy-tale clan in a fragile but bountiful New York City sometime in the cozier, more Christmasy past. Gene Hackman delivers a great, wise, subversively unsentimental performance as Royal, a high-living screwup of an old fart who attempts to make amends with his family before it's too late. The peachy cast includes Ben Stiller, Gwyneth Paltrow, and brothers Luke and Owen Wilson, who rise royally to the occasion of Anderson's fresh and happily idiosyncratic style of storytelling. **A** (#634, Jan. 11) —*LS*

THE SHIPPING NEWS ◆ *(111 mins., R)* A limp and sodden downer adapted from E. Annie Proulx's novel. It's set mostly in the cold, gray-sweater climes of Newfoundland, where Quoyle (Kevin Spacey), the saddest of sad sacks, arrives with his young daughter, all so that he can redeem the sullen tragedy of his life by learning to be a vital human being instead of a glum, stammering lump of self-loathing. For most of the movie, though, he's just a lump. **C–** (#634, Jan. 11) —*OG*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

BOX OFFICE

LORDY!

'A BEAUTIFUL MIND'

THE SUITS AT AOL TIME WARNER (EW's parent company) were chanting *EBITDA-cadabra* as *Harry Potter* crossed the $300 million mark and cracked the all-time top 10, while *Ocean's Eleven* became a $152 million high roller and New Line's *Lord of the Rings* reached $205.5 million after just 19 days (it's enough to make you forget about *The Majestic*'s miserable $23.5 million total). In other news, Dimension's *Impostor* turned out to be just that ($3 million), *The Royal Tenenbaums* successfully added 460 theaters to its very rich family (more than $11,000 per screen), and Universal's *A Beautiful Mind* expanded beautifully, en route to $37.8 million and a second-place finish.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES†	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING *New Line*	$23.0	3,381	$6,805	3	$205.5
2	A BEAUTIFUL MIND *Universal*	$16.6	1,853	$8,940	3	$37.8
3	OCEAN'S ELEVEN *Warner Bros.*	$11.1	2,770	$3,990	5	$152.0
4	JIMMY NEUTRON: BOY GENIUS *Paramount*	$9.0	3,151	$2,861	3	$62.3
5	THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS *Touchstone*	$8.5	751	$11,337	4	$20.7
6	VANILLA SKY *Paramount*	$7.1	2,842	$2,507	4	$81.1
7	ALI *Columbia*	$7.0	2,446	$2,864	2	$49.5
8	KATE & LEOPOLD *Miramax*	$6.1	2,467	$2,483	2	$30.6
9	HARRY POTTER... *Warner Bros.*	$5.9	2,681	$2,212	8	$300.4
10	MONSTERS, INC. *Disney*	$3.9	1,425	$2,721	10	$244.6
11	HOW HIGH *Universal*	$3.2	1,273	$2,540	3	$24.1
12	THE MAJESTIC *Warner Bros.*	$3.2	2,361	$1,350	3	$23.5
13	IMPOSTOR *Dimension*	$3.0	1,870	$1,616	1	$3.0
14	JOE SOMEBODY *20th Century Fox*	$2.5	2,235	$1,098	3	$19.8
15	NOT ANOTHER TEEN MOVIE *Columbia*	$2.1	2,168	$974	4	$35.2
16	BEHIND ENEMY LINES *20th Century Fox*	$2.0	1,079	$1,834	6	$53.7
17	IN THE BEDROOM *Miramax*	$1.6	207	$7,912	7	$4.3
18	GOSFORD PARK *USA Films*	$1.6	131	$11,962	2	$2.2
19	THE SHIPPING NEWS *Miramax*	$1.1	213	$5,321	2	$4.3
20	AMELIE *Miramax*	$1.0	227	$4,515	10	$17.7

SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC. WEEKEND OF JAN. 4–6 *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS †INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS

TRACK RECORD: ROBERT ALTMAN

		OPENING WEEKEND*	NO. OPENING SITES†	DOMESTIC GROSS
10/6/00	DR. T & THE WOMEN *Artisan*	$5.0	1,489	$13.1
4/2/99	COOKIE'S FORTUNE *October*	$0.2	10	$10.9
1/23/98	THE GINGERBREAD MAN *PolyGram*	$0.1	8	$1.5
8/16/96	KANSAS CITY *Fine Line*	$0.4	215	$1.4
12/25/94	READY TO WEAR (PRET-A-PORTER) *Miramax*	$2.0	736	$11.3
10/3/93	SHORT CUTS *Fine Line*	$0.01	1	$6.1
4/10/92	THE PLAYER *Fine Line*	$0.3	23	$21.7
11/2/90	VINCENT & THEO *Hemdale*	—	—	$2.4
4/15/88	ARIA *Miramax*	$0.02	1	$1.1
7/10/87	O.C. AND STIGGS *MGM*	$0.006	18	$0.03

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC. *OPENING WEEKEND AND DOMESTIC GROSS FIGURES IN MILLIONS †INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS

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What to Watch

A comprehensive guide to what's new on tape and DVD—blockbusters, classic picks, genre flicks, and much more

SHINY SAPPY PEOPLE A tired Mariah and Co. vamp like *Glitter*ati

Exhaust Pipes

Mariah Carey falls to the perils of pop life in *Glitter*, a smelly *Star Is Born* campfest. by Scott Brown

WE ASK OURSELVES: IS she white? Is she black? We don't know. She's *exotic*. I want to see more of her breasts." This, friends, is an actual line from *Glitter*, Mariah Carey's deeply personal meditation on fame, love, and her own indomitable bosom. Other nuggets include "The glitter can't overpower the artist!" and "Chico! Less scratching!" There's also a scene where a "fly DJ" named Dice (Max Beesley) romances ingenue Billie Frank (Carey) *with a marimba*.

Glitter
2001
COLUMBIA TRISTAR
103 MINUTES
RATED PG-13
ALSO ON DVD

We present these excerpts out of context because context doesn't do them justice. Nor does the setting, which is theoretically the clubscape of '80s New York, but looks more like contemporary Toronto when the Grotesquely Tight Pants Festival hits town. Nor does director Vondie Curtis Hall (*Gridlock'd*), who, God bless him, provides audio commentary on the DVD—listen in awe as he explains how his "timeless" movie is an "experiment" involving "male implosion."

Oh, there's an implosion going on, all right. But simply trashing *Glitter* misses the point. If, for example, we were to liken Carey's acting style to a catatonic lemur, minus the nuance, that would be needlessly cruel. Drawing unfavorable comparisons between Beesley and Mark Wahlberg's pocket lint? Mean-spirited. Suggesting the *G* be dropped from the movie's title? Unfair, and too clever by half.

No, *Glitter* deserves better. In the transition to the small screen, it's gone from Great Bad Movie to Great Bad Movie You Can Watch While Wasted Without Having to Drive Home. So rejoice, college students: Your generation's very own cult crapsterpiece has arrived. As is: **F** As cult comedy: **A** As drinking game: **Priceless**

WHAT WE SAID THEN: "...it's doubtful that even a real actress could have triumphed over the rusty tinsel of *Glitter*." (#618/619, Oct. 5, 2001) **D** —*Owen Gleiberman*

GLITTER: BRUCE MACAULAY; *BUFFY*: RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

NEW TO DVD

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON
(1997, Fox, 540 mins., unrated, 3 discs, $39.98) We've said it before, and we'll say it again: Joss Whedon's horror/romance/comedy/soap opera is one of the best shows on TV. It's that rare thing: epic storytelling on a low-budget scale. After all, Whedon sets his tale of a young girl destined to fight the forces of evil against the innocuous backdrop of a high school. And as he reveals on the nuts-and-bolts commentary for the two-part pilot ("Welcome to Hellmouth" and "The Harvest"), the production could only afford to build a single Sunnydale High hallway.

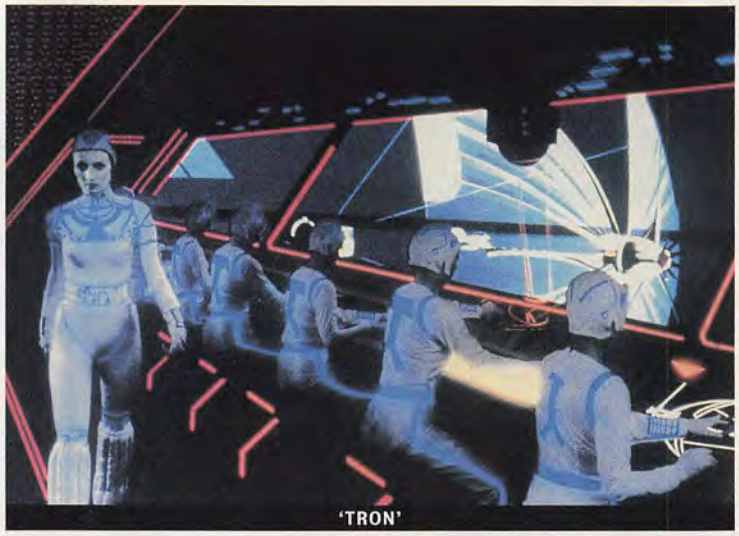
Sadly, this collection also feels a little bargain-basement. While the 12 episodes, spread over three discs, look about as good as can be expected for a midseason replacement that was shot on 16mm, the extras are a little paltry. Aside from the commentary, there are just a couple of interviews with Whedon, the original pilot script, and a few biographies. For a show that launched so many youthquaking stars (Sarah Michelle Gellar, Alyson Hannigan, David Boreanaz), where are the screen tests, or for that matter, outtakes, deleted scenes, or alternate takes? On the commentary, Whedon details one crucial dialogue scene, in which Buffy explained why she didn't want to be a Slayer, that had to be reshot because the tone was all wrong. Why not allow viewers to compare and contrast?

It may be nice to catch up with such a terrific show from the very beginning, but, to be honest, one expects more from a boxed set for a series that's thrived on the love of obsessive fans. **B** —*Marc Bernardin*

'BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER'

NOSTALGIC DVD OF THE WEEK

REBOOT CAMP


'TRON'

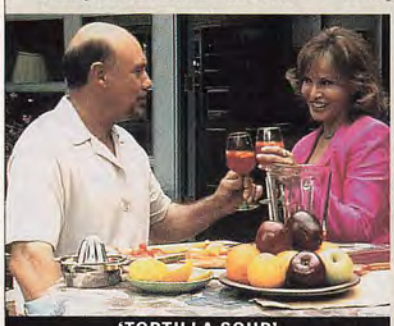
TRON: 20th ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION *(1982, Disney, 96 mins., PG, 2 discs, $29.99)* Back in the primordial mists of the late 1970s, topflight computer animation basically looked like a Colorforms play set: What it rendered best was brightly hued geometric shapes. But writer-director Steven Lisberger came up with an ingenious way to exploit the limitations. Working in the last, desperate days of Disney's pre–Michael Eisner era, he sold the studio on making a cyberthriller about a programmer (Jeff Bridges) sucked inside a sterile, gleaming, partially CG-rendered computer world to do battle with the corporate creep (David Warner) who stole his best work. Despite some beautiful imagery, supervised by longtime Disney effects wizard Harrison Ellenshaw, *Tron* was never more than a white-elephant curio upon its release. It founders due to dull supporting players (Bruce Boxleitner, wake up!) and weak plotting, and now that the world has seen *The Matrix*, it's an outright relic. Still, this deluxe double disc, filled out with extended testimony from the filmmakers and such boosters as Pixar's John Lasseter (who says "without *Tron* there would be no *Toy Story*"), makes for an engaging requiem. Add a half grade if geek-lingo insults like "bit-brain" make you smile. Infomerciality alert: The supplements contain pointed tub-thumpers for a possible sequel, *Tron 2.0*. B– *—Steve Daly*

DRAMA

'PAVILION OF WOMEN'

TORTILLA SOUP ◆ **Hector Elizondo, Raquel Welch** *(2001, Columbia TriStar, 103 mins., PG-13)* A widowed chef (Elizondo) enters the autumn of his life depressed because he's lost his sense of taste and smell. Now he cooks mainly for his three full-grown live-in daughters: There's the rebel with streaked hair, the no-frills businesswoman, and the born-again fanatic. But all arrive at the same subtle crossroads in life: Who's the parent here? Though the story is gentle and sweet enough, *Tortilla*'s true star is the sumptuous food: It's what holds these characters together. Much like Ang Lee's *Eat Drink Man Woman*—clearly an influence—the film is both a cinematic and epicurean delight. A– *—Sunny Lee*

PAVILION OF WOMEN ◆ **Willem Dafoe, Luo Yan** *(2001, Universal, 116 mins., R, also on DVD)* Or, *Not Another Tacky Chinese Period Piece*. Dafoe goes the standard round-eye route as a not-so-celibate Western priest who runs an orphanage in 1938 prerevolution China. The fireworks—and platitudes—fly when the repressed Madame Wu (Yan) falls under his tutelage. Adapted from a Pearl S. Buck novel, the utterly predictable melodrama's only feat is that it manages to reduce every staple of Asian drama to cliché. D+ *—Allyssa Lee*


'TORTILLA SOUP'

DOCUMENTARY

SOUND AND FURY ◆ *(2000, Docurama, 80 mins., unrated, also on DVD)* Heather Artinian, a 5-year-old girl who, like her parents, is deaf, wants to be part of the hearing world. New advances in technology make her seemingly straightforward desire a reality. But her parents worry their daughter will abandon their outsider culture, and her hearing grandparents counter by accusing them of selfish abuse. Heather tries her best to ignore the angry flutter of sign language. When each side has the best of intentions, can either win such a passionate debate? The resulting family drama is loving and fearful in ways a Hollywood movie would be hard-pressed to reproduce. A– *—Karen Valby*

ANIMATED

'DARIA: IS IT FALL YET?'

DARIA: IS IT FALL YET? Voices by Tracy Grandstaff, Wendy Hoopes *(2000, Paramount, 75 mins., unrated, also on DVD)* School's out and everyone's favorite animated teenage misanthrope is in feel-good, arts-and-crafts hell: working as a counselor at camp It's OK to Cry. Worse, best friend/partner in cynicism Jane Lane is away at a pretentious artists' colony, leaving Daria to navigate the shallow waters of suburbia solo. In other words, summer sucks—and Daria wouldn't have it any other way. Wielding a satire saber as sharp as ever (Lackluster Video, anyone?), MTV's almost-feature-length flick tickles the inner antisocialite in all of us. A– *—Missy Schwartz*

TRON: EVERETT COLLECTION; PAVILION OF WOMEN: RAFAEL WINER; DARIA: PHOTOFEST

VIDEO CHEAT SHEET OF THE WEEK

'The Music Business: An Insider's Guide'

Wanna be a superstar, live large, nice house, five cars? InsideSessions is launching a how-to video line this month, with artists like Elton John and Limp Bizkit's Fred Durst giving the 411 on how to break into the biz. (*Behind the Music* meltdown special not included.)

MADE-FOR-TV

'BOYCOTT'

BOYCOTT ◆ Jeffrey Wright, CCH Pounder *(2001, HBO, 113 mins., PG, also on DVD)* As with the Holocaust-film oeuvre, seeking a fresh way to capture America's civil rights upheaval on celluloid is no small task. That actor-turned-director Clark Johnson (*Homicide*) was able to do just that by cleverly using documentary footage, black-and-white recreations, and fourth-wall-breaking testimonials is only one of this HBO flick's delights. The stellar cast picks up the ball from there: Wright's demythologizing incarnation of Martin Luther King Jr. is galvanizing enough to stand up to any of this year's Oscar hopefuls. **A–** *—Mike Flaherty*

THE ICEMAN COMETH ◆ Jason Robards, Robert Redford *(1960, Image, 210 mins., unrated, only on DVD)* Directed by Sidney Lumet, produced by Lewis Freedman, and introduced by Brooks Atkinson, *The Play of the Week*'s syndicated production of Eugene O'Neill's *Iceman* practically defines that "golden age of television" we've heard so much about. More important, it's a chance to see the late Robards—O'Neill's most prolific mouthpiece—slink, cajole, and ultimately implode as Hickey, the would-be savior of the doomed rummies of Harry Hope's Last Chance Saloon. Also interesting is fresh-faced Redford, miscast as Don Parritt, the traitorous revolutionary with a secret to keep. Down the hatch. **A** *—MF*

THE AWFUL TRUTH: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON Michael Moore, Various Bigwigs *(2000, Docurama, 300 mins., unrated, also on DVD)* In case you missed it on Bravo, Moore's politically charged series skewers greedy corporations, the NRA, "compassionate Conservatism," death-penalty-loving Texans, antiabortion "terrorists," Newt Gingrich, and many other deserving targets with the biting sarcasm and unabashed liberalism we've come to expect from the guy who made *Roger & Me*. At times, Moore's tone becomes strident, and the frequent use of ambush journalism almost makes one feel sorry for the politicians and corporate shills caught off guard by *Truth*'s cameras. But the writer-director-star gets his points across, usually in entertaining style. **B+** *—William Stevenson*

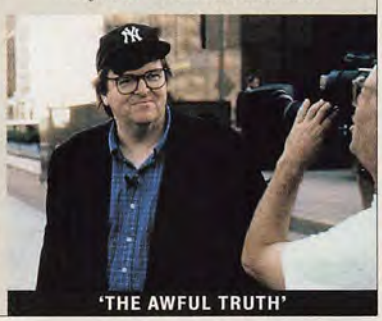

'THE AWFUL TRUTH'

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT DE MICHIELI; *BOYCOTT*: PHOTOFEST; *THE AWFUL TRUTH*: EVERETT COLLECTION

THE CHARTS

PEDAL TO THE MEDAL

IF THE CHART HAS TAUGHT US anything over the years, it's that bad movies get their day in the sun almost as frequently as good ones. And so this week's big debut is *The Fast and the Furious* (No. 1), the critically scorned street-racing flick starring beefy Vin Diesel. As audiences both in theaters and at home have proven, nothing whiles away a weekend like a good guilty pleasure. Meanwhile, as if not getting a bonus for 2001 isn't bad enough, Disney honcho Michael Eisner has to watch DreamWorks' *Shrek* (which has grossed more than $420 million) close in on *The Lion King*'s undisputed video sales record.

'THE FAST AND THE...'

TAPE RENTALS

	LAST WEEK		GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS ON CHART	EW VIDEO GRADE
1	—	**THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS** Vin Diesel	$144.5	1	C–
2	1	**THE PRINCESS DIARIES** Anne Hathaway	$108.2	3	B+
3	2	**RUSH HOUR 2** Jackie Chan	$226.1	4	B–
4	3	**THE SCORE** Robert De Niro	$71.1	4	B+
5	—	**WHAT'S THE WORST THAT...?** Martin Lawrence	$32.3	1	C–
6	4	**PEARL HARBOR** Ben Affleck	$198.5	5	B
7	7	**EVOLUTION** David Duchovny	$38.3	2	C–
8	—	**THE GLASS HOUSE** Leelee Sobieski	$18.1	1	C
9	5	**MOULIN ROUGE** Nicole Kidman	$57.0	3	A–
10	9	**LEGALLY BLONDE** Reese Witherspoon	$95.7	9	C+
11	6	**SCARY MOVIE 2** Anna Faris	$71.3	3	D+
12	8	**JURASSIC PARK III** Sam Neill	$181.2	4	C–
13	10	**AMERICA'S SWEETHEARTS** Julia Roberts	$93.6	8	C
14	11	**TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME** Vivica A. Fox	$22.2	2	C–
15	13	**SWORDFISH** John Travolta	$69.8	10	D+
16	12	**PLANET OF THE APES** Mark Wahlberg	$179.2	7	C–
17	14	**SHREK** Animated	$267.2	10	A
18	16	**THE ANIMAL** Rob Schneider	$57.7	10	B
19	15	**LARA CROFT: TOMB RAIDER** Angelina Jolie	$131.2	8	D+
20	20	**ALONG CAME A SPIDER** Morgan Freeman	$74.1	15	C–

SOURCE: *VIDEO BUSINESS/VIDTRAC* FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 6, 2002 BOX OFFICE GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS
SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC., AND EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.

EW RECOMMENDS

	EW VIDEO GRADE
AMERICAN PIE 2 Jason Biggs *(Universal, R)* The *AP* kids may be older and funnier, but they're none the wiser. Hence the superglue.	A–
MARK TWAIN Documentary *(PBS, unrated)* Emmy winner Ken Burns plumbs the life of the humorist as only he can: with lots of archival photos.	A
WET HOT AMERICAN SUMMER Janeane Garofalo *(USA, R)* Garofalo and David Hyde Pierce affectionately satirize '80s teen sex-at-camp romps.	A–

COMING UP

ATLANTIS: THE LOST EMPIRE *(Walt Disney, PG)* The Mouse House's latest would-be spectacular sends Milo Thatch (voiced by Michael J. Fox) to the legendary city.

BUBBLE BOY *(Touchstone, PG-13)* Could be a young man's spiritual quest to overcome Sisyphean obstacles.... Nah, it's just a comedy about a boy in a plastic bubble.

THE CURSE OF THE JADE SCORPION *(DreamWorks, PG-13)* Once again, Woody Allen writes and directs a film in which attractive younger women find him irresistible.

LISA PICARD IS FAMOUS *(First Look, PG-13)* Actor Griffin Dunne directed this mockumentary about an actress who doesn't quite know her 15 minutes are up.

ROCK STAR *(Warner, R)* First Mark Wahlberg was the leader of the Funky Bunch, then a porn star, and now he's the lead singer of a metal band.

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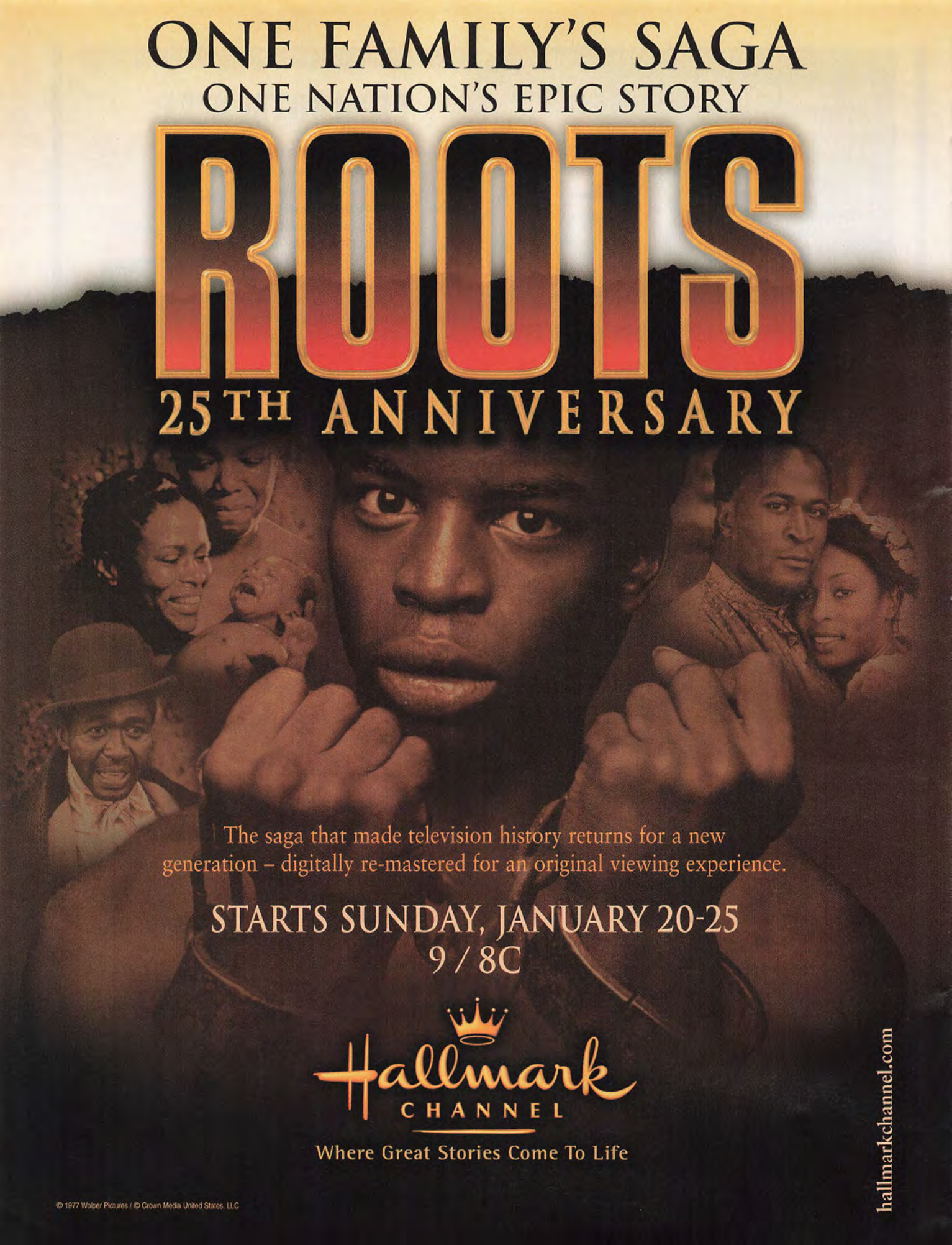

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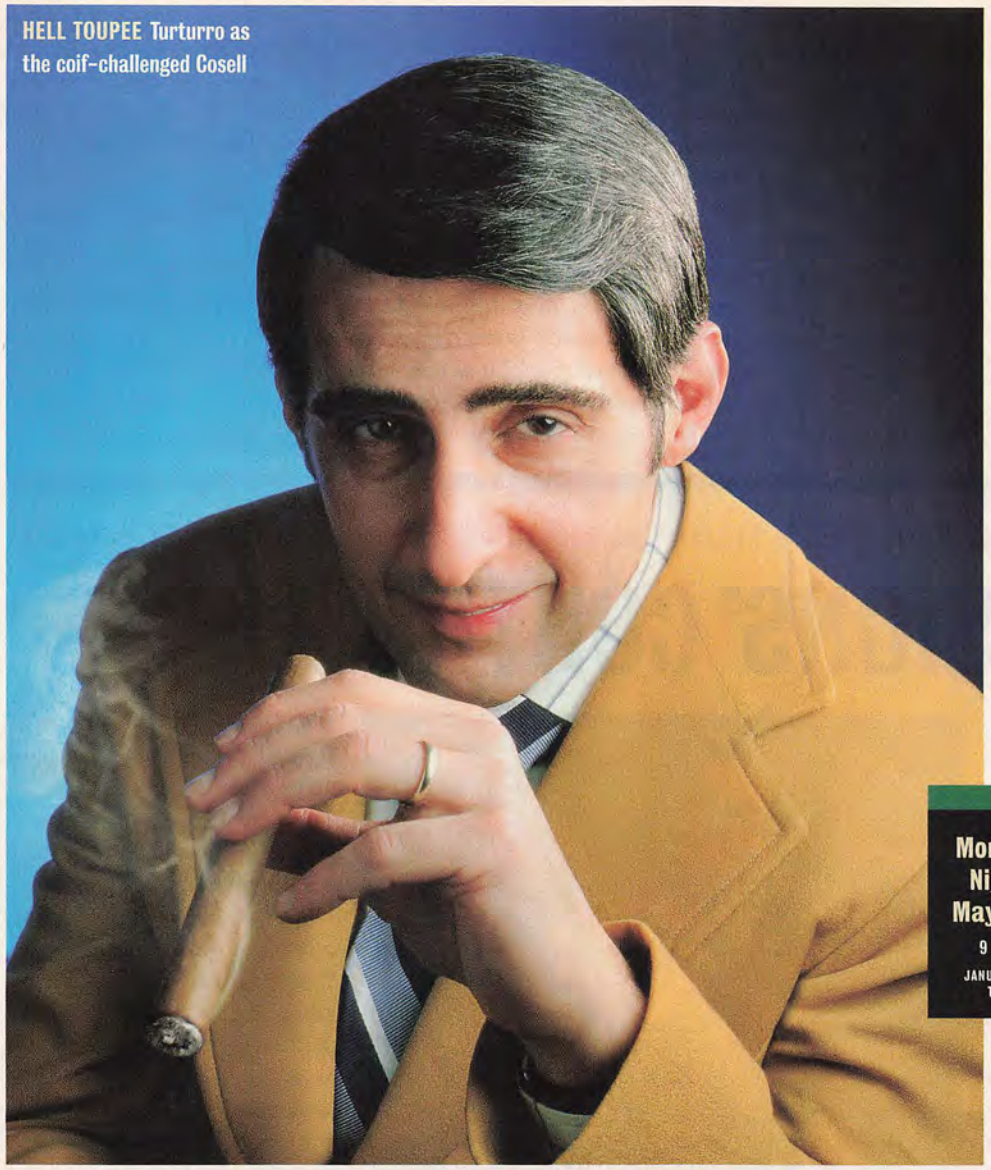


HELL TOUPEE Turturro as the coif-challenged Cosell

GREGORY HEISLER

Monday Night Mayhem
9 PM
JANUARY 14
TNT

Cosell-abration

John Turturro scores as Howard Cosell in TNT's rough and tumble TV-and-football fable, *Monday Night Mayhem*. by Ken Tucker

HOWARD COSELL MAY have died in 1995, but he's been having a very good winter. First Jon Voight, impressively expressive under prosthetics, summons the sportscaster's unflagging loyalty to Muhammad Ali in Michael Mann's film *Ali*, and now John Turturro, over the course of director Ernest Dickerson's two-hour TV movie **Monday Night Mayhem**, offers an even more detailed portrait of Cosell.

Why should anyone who's not a sports fan be interested? Because *Mayhem* also provides vivid revelations about the way the TV business works—or, perhaps, used to work. Based on the 1988 nonfiction book of the same title by Bill Carter and Marc Gunther, with a teleplay by Carter (a TV-industry reporter for *The New York Times*), *Mayhem* is one of those true-life fairy tales about going for the gusto and programming from your gut—instincts that are increasingly rare in this excessively cautious medium.

Turturro, complete with a Cosell toupee that looks as if it had been pried loose from a ventriloquist's dummy (which is to say, exactly like Cosell's own rug), is unquestionably the vociferous center of this TNT movie, emitting a verbal spray that is at once ornate, orotund, and obfuscatory. "They are waging a literary pogrom against me!" is how he describes a few critics' gibes. "My career has become dispiriting drudgery," he laments toward the end of his broadcasting days. Cosell had a way of making ill-read people—including his broadcast-booth partner Frank Gifford, played with shrewd blandness by Kevin Anderson—feel they were in the presence of a savant, and educated people feel in the presence of an amusing mountebank.

It is, however, Roone Arledge, as embodied by a suitably bullheaded John Heard, who is this film's catalyst. It's difficult to recall now, with ABC's *Monday Night Football* a prime-time fixture well past its prime, just how novel a concept producer Arledge cooked up in 1970 in collaboration with people like director Chet Forte (played with vulgar vehemence by *NYPD Blue*'s Nicholas Turturro, John's brother). "Our games are going to be about entertainment," says Arledge. Whereas, pre-Roone, football games were telecast as the battles of tiny titans ramming each other from afar, Arledge sent the camera operators running up and down the sidelines, and let his microphones pick up the players' grunts, moans, and bellowings. Arledge understood that unlike baseball, which lends itself to leisurely between-pitches repartee among the broadcasters, the inch-by-inch progress toward touchdowns

required livelier commentary to hook viewers.

Thus Arledge put the compulsively polysyllabic Cosell in the booth with straight-arrow straight man Gifford and good-ol'-boy yahoo "Dandy" Don Meredith (an affable Brad Beyer). This trio rattled off stats, argued strategy, and needled one another in a way that electrified fans, with Cosell inspiring the most extreme reactions. (We're shown his rise as a celebrity coinciding with a torrent of anti-Semitic mail.)

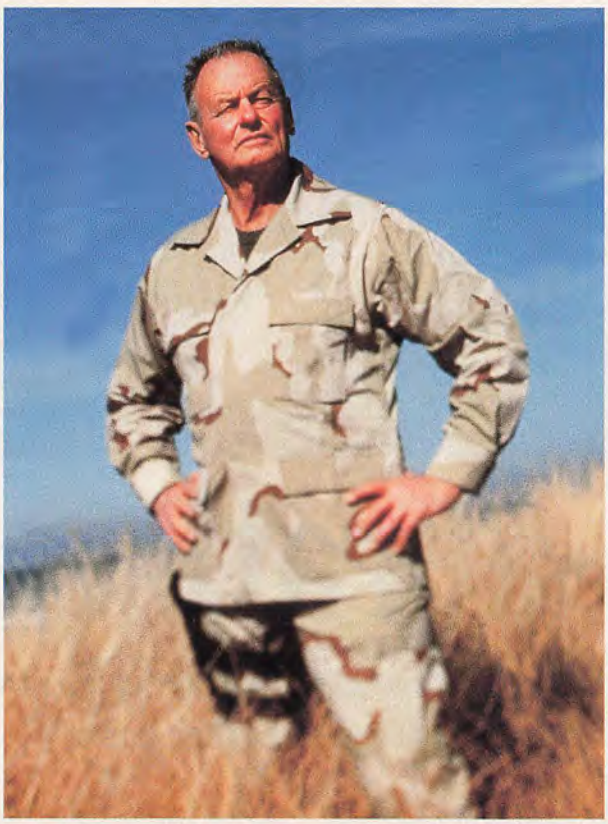
Mayhem's dramatic structure posits Arledge as an ambitious enigma, a guy who stuck his neck out early on, when advertisers wanted to bail on his combustible concept, but who later grabbed bigger rewards than any of the stars he created. (Cosell, who always fancied himself a hard-news reporter, is particularly bitter about Arledge's promotion to head of ABC News, around the same time when the only way Cosell could increase his profile was to host a disastrous 1975 variety show, *Saturday Night Live With Howard Cosell*.)

I'd say that at times *Mayhem*'s dialogue seems stilted, but with Cosell, who can tell? "The man is an incorrigible womanizer" is his staccato summation of brief broadcast-booth buddy O.J. Simpson, played wittily as a kind of gleeful moron by Chad L. Coleman. And I have a feeling that both Arledge and his second-in-command, producer Don Ohlmeyer (Zak Orth), were bigger SOBs than they're portrayed here—you'd have to be, to accrue the kind of power they did. But what the hell: John Turturro captures the spirit of a unique if ultimately morose man, and *Monday Night Mayhem* captures the spirit of a TV format being created literally on the run. **B+**

Ex-Survivor Rudy Boesch Battles EW's Stupid Questions Before Enlisting With USA Network

'MISSIONS' CONTROLLER

HE'S GRUMPY. HE'S FUNNY. He's the only geriatric person worth watching on TV. Rudy Boesch—the blunt-tongued 73-year-old ex–Navy SEAL–turned–*Survivor* finalist—shoots for another 15 minutes of fame as "Camp Commander" of USA's *Combat Missions* (premiering Jan. 16), a new reality series from *Survivor* executive producer Mark Burnett in which military and law enforcement elites compete against each other in operations like hostage rescues and tank takeouts. Rudy's first mission? Survive a round of stupid questions. —*Dan Snierson*



• *Combat Missions* takes place on a secret military base. Where is it? It's in the Mojave Desert—the high desert—and that's about all I can say about that. The name of it is Camp Windstorm.

• Not so good with the secrets, are we? Anyway, the contestants are pretty tough dudes—Delta Force, Navy SEAL, SWAT. If you had to, though, could you take them in a fight and do one-armed push-ups on the pile of their unconscious bodies? I don't think so anymore. I wish I could. One of the biggest things that hurt me during *Survivor* was I found out girls can run faster than I can. That really burned me up.

• What's in your pocket right now? Knives? Grenades? POWs? Uhhh, a half-dirty handkerchief.

• How did it make you feel inside when PEOPLE magazine voted you one of the sexiest men of 2000? It was hard to believe. I said, "What'd you do, get a bunch of 90-year-old women to vote?" They must have really been hard up for a sexy man that year.

• You strike me as the type of guy who doesn't need Viagra. Am I right? Yeah, you're right.

• Now, we know you're not gay, but if you were, could something have worked out between you and Richard? [*Chuckles*] I don't know how to answer that question. And I'm not going to answer it.

• Can you bust out a few thoughts on kids these days? Well, I think one of the big things wrong with kids these days, a lot of them don't have a family. A lot of them got one parent and there's quite a few that don't have any parents and that's where the whole problem is. There's no family life, no father to slap 'em around when they need it.

• You're, like, old. Do you have advice or something? Get into a physical program and stay with it. Keep yourself healthy. If you got your health, you can do anything. You don't need no money, you don't need nothing.

• If I were doing this interview in person, could I give you a hug right now? No. Don't even try. I'll give you Richard's phone number.

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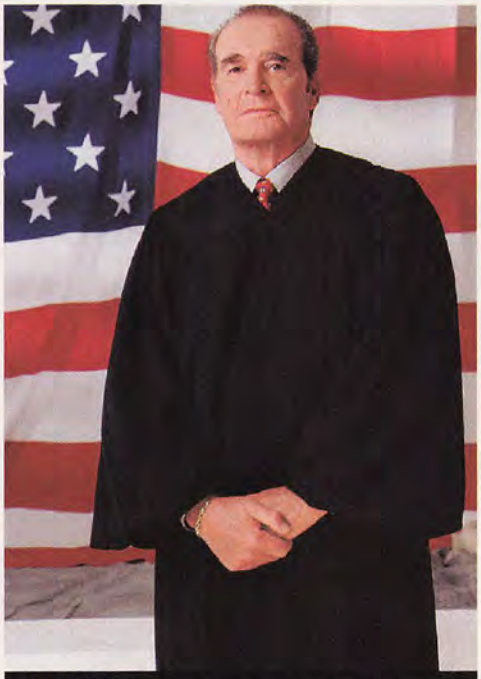
On the Air

The latest news from the TV beat BY LYNETTE RICE



FIRST FAMILY Garner's new series gets real

Manic 'Monday'

Chris Matthews, call your agent. CBS' Supreme Court drama, *First Monday*, which debuts Jan. 15, plans to become the hot spot for real-life pundits and newsmakers. In most episodes, the series will incorporate unscripted segments of a fictional news-talk program titled *Curveball* (à la Matthews' MSNBC show, *Hardball*), to be hosted by former CNN Supreme Court reporter Charles Bierbauer. Rev. Jerry Falwell, Marcia Clark, and Johnnie Cochran are already on the docket to discuss cases under consideration by the TV justices (played by such luminaries as **Joe Mantegna**, **James Garner**, and **Charles Durning**). "I told Bierbauer, 'You're moderating here, so take it wherever you want to go,'" says executive producer Don Bellisario (*JAG*), adding, "I love the *Curveball* idea because it lends realism to the show, and people love a platform. But we only need a minute and a half. We can't air 10 to 15 minutes of them arguing back and forth." No, we already get enough of that on *Survivor*.

Rabid Response

What does *The View*'s **Star Jones** have in common with the ABC sitcom *My Wife and Kids* and those sheep-eye-chomping contestants on *Fear Factor*? They've all earned the wrath of The Ark Trust, a media watchdog group that monitors TV's treatment of animals. The Trust cited Jones' segments on fur clothing and alligator skirts as one of 10 anti-animal "Foe-Paws" for 2001. Other missteps included USA Network's coverage of the Alaskan dogsled race, the Iditarod; an episode of *Kids* that played the accidental death of a hamster for laughs; the pig slaughter on *Survivor 2*; and the now-infamous segment of NBC's *Fear Factor* that required contestants to lie in a vat of rats. "We're not operating in a vacuum," says Ark Trust spokeswoman Janet Winikoff. "We get calls from viewers who are watching these shows and telling us how outraged they are. Cruelty is not something to be used for a gag." NBC insists it is "sensitive to the need for the fair and ethical treatment of animals," and that the "producers of *Fear Factor* have acted responsibly." Although PETA doesn't have a beef with *Factor*, it still has a bone to pick over the pig-killing on *Survivor*, but on the bright side "we did find

KILLER *VIEW* Animal group hisses Jones

GARNER: CLIFF LIPSON; *THE VIEW*: MICHAEL O'NEILL

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more story lines in 2001 that included animal rights stories," says spokeswoman Lisa Lange. "And there were vegans on *Will & Grace*, *The Simpsons*, and *The West Wing*. That thrills us." Gee, who knew people could get so excited about soy milk and seaweed?

AND SO ON... In yet another wacky marketing ploy, the Sci Fi Channel recruited five *Babylon 5* fans to wrap their cars with "billboards" touting the series' upcoming spin-off film *The Legend of the Rangers*, airing Jan. 19. More than 1,000 people volunteered before Sci Fi—the same network that put talking billboards in bathrooms—narrowed it down to one fan each from Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Says Sci Fi president Bonnie Hammer: "We can't believe how many of those fans are willing to take days and weekends to drive around their city to promote the movie." Neither can we. *(Additional reporting by Dan Snierson)*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

WINNER OF THE WEEK

Jane Leeves

***Frasier*'s Daphne must be over the Moon after signing a deal worth as much as $30 million to do three more seasons of the NBC sitcom.**

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Michael Skupin

Looks like the smoke still hasn't cleared for the campfire-charred ex-Survivor, who saw the Michigan building where he's organizing a motivational-speaking business go up in flames.

SOUND BITES

"We're going to have to ice-skate home. Hell just froze over." Miranda (CYNTHIA NIXON), after she learned Samantha (KIM CATTRALL) had feelings for a man, on *Sex and the City*

"This is ridiculous. I feel like John Lithgow in *The World According to Garp*." Ellen (ELLEN DEGENERES), dressed in pearls and a skirt, on *The Ellen Show*

"I've gotta keep shifting. My ass is so asleep, it's dreaming." Doug (KEVIN JAMES), at a picnic, on *The King of Queens*

"You know, apologizing to people comes a lot easier to me than thanking them." LARRY DAVID, accepting the Best Comedy Series award for *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, on *The AFI Awards*

"George Lucas is giving the band 'N Sync cameos in the upcoming *Star Wars* movie. Apparently Lucas cast 'N Sync because he wanted C-3PO to look less gay." CONAN O'BRIEN on *Late Night*

THE RATINGS

SMELLING LIKE A ROSE

ARE YOU READY FOR SOME football? Well, sort of. ABC's broadcast of the Rose Bowl: Miami vs. Nebraska (1st) edged CBS' *Survivor: Africa* (2nd) and a repeat of *CSI* (3rd) by a hair. A week of landslide victories was good for the teams in the Bowl Championship Series, but bad for ABC, as overall ratings were off by about 20 percent from last year. In less testosterone-laden news, ABC's spy-girl thriller *Alias* (26th) spiked to its second-highest ratings, in spite of airing against the return of *Sex and the City* on HBO. CBS had a mixed weekend: Saturday-night viewers chose NBC's James Bond flick *GoldenEye* (36th) over the inaugural AFI Awards (72nd), while the return of a kinder, gentler version of *The Education of Max Bickford* (20th) on Sunday lured 11.7 million Richard Dreyfuss fans.

CORNHUSKER DUDE
Nebraska QB Eric Crouch

TOP 30

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	21.6	**FOOTBALL: ROSE BOWL** ABC, *Thursday, 8:18 p.m.*	—
2	21.3	**SURVIVOR: AFRICA** CBS, *Thursday, 8 p.m.*	2
3	21.2	**CSI (R)** CBS, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	1
4	17.7	**LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT** NBC, *Friday, 10 p.m.*	6
5	17.6	**60 MINUTES** CBS, *Sunday, 7:21 p.m.*	—
6	16.7	**FRIENDS (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 8 p.m.*	3
7	16.2	**LAW & ORDER (R)** NBC, *Wednesday, 10 p.m.*	4
8	15.4	**THE PRACTICE** ABC, *Sunday, 10 p.m.*	33
9	14.0	**FOOTBALL: ORANGE BOWL** ABC, *Wednesday, 8:12 p.m.*	—
10	13.8	**JAG (R)** CBS, *Tuesday, 8 p.m.*	—
11	13.4	**DATELINE NBC** NBC, *Friday, 9 p.m.*	25
12	13.1	**FOOTBALL: SUGAR BOWL** ABC, *Tuesday, 8:35 p.m.*	—
13	12.8	**THE WEST WING (R)** NBC, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	7
14	12.3	**LAW & ORDER: CRIMINAL INTENT** NBC, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	20
	12.3	**60 MINUTES II** CBS, *Wednesday, 8 p.m.*	10
16	12.2	**PROVIDENCE** NBC, *Friday, 8 p.m.*	36
17	12.0	**WILL & GRACE (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	9
18	11.8	**MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE** Fox, *Sunday, 8:30 p.m.*	22
	11.8	**THE SIMPSONS** Fox, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	13
20	11.7	**THE EDUCATION OF MAX BICKFORD** CBS, *Sunday, 8:21 p.m.*	—
	11.7	**MOVIE: DR. DOLITTLE (R)** ABC, *Sunday, 7 p.m.*	—
	11.7	**THE AGENCY (R)** CBS, *Thursday, 10:02 p.m.*	17
23	11.6	**THE BERNIE MAC SHOW** Fox, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	38
24	11.2	**ER (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 10 p.m.*	11
25	11.0	**JUST SHOOT ME (R)** NBC, *Thursday, 9:30 p.m.*	18
26	10.7	**ALIAS** ABC, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	53
	10.7	**MOVIE: ENTRAPMENT** CBS, *Sunday, 9:21 p.m.*	—
	10.7	**I LOVE LUCY 50TH ANNIVERSARY (R)** CBS, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	—
29	10.6	**WEAKEST LINK** NBC, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	—
30	10.5	**DATELINE NBC** NBC, *Tuesday, 10 p.m.*	—
	10.5	**INSIDE SCHWARTZ** NBC, *Thursday, 8:30 p.m.*	11

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF DECEMBER 31, 2001–JANUARY 6, 2002 SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

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What to Watch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern standard and are subject to change. BY DALTON ROSS

MONDAY January 14

7–8PM
7TH ANNUAL CRITICS' CHOICE AWARDS (E!, TV-PG) A whopping 10 films were nominated for Best Picture. So what we're saying is don't be surprised if you see titles like *Freddy Got Fingered* and *Tomcats* popping up.

7–8PM
INTIMATE PORTRAIT: IVANA TRUMP (Lifetime, TV-PG) As the ultimate authority on people both rich and famous, Robin Leach is among those interviewed about Donny's ex.

9–11PM
LBJ AND VIETNAM: IN THE EYE OF THE STORM (History Channel, TV-G) Lyndon Baines Johnson was a big Texan with a big problem when he assumed office. Hear him pick up the phone and tell all his pals about it.

10–11:30PM
BUD GREENSPAN'S FAVORITE STORIES OF WINTER OLYMPIC GLORY (Showtime, TV-PG) Every kid on my block had a crush on Katarina Witt when she first won figure skating gold in 1984. After all, it was either her or Mary Lou Retton.

10–11PM
PORTRAIT OF A TERRORIST: MOHAMED ATTA (A&E) A&E thoroughly profiles the notorious World Trade Center attacker's evolution from mild-mannered student to bloodthirsty zealot. The middle-class Cairo native grew up in a society of some haves and many have-nots, itself a breeding ground for violent discontent. But it was after Atta's 1992 move to Hamburg, Germany, that he became immersed in Islamic extremism and found the ideology to spark his rage. Well, he's a nobody no more. B+ *—Mike Flaherty*

THE FACE OF TERROR

TUESDAY January 15

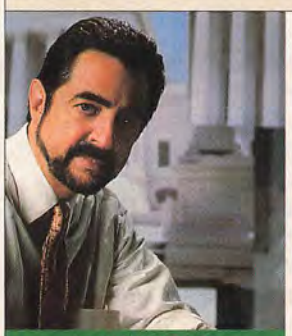
SERIES DEBUT

9–10PM
DRIVEN: SHANIA TWAIN (VH1) The music channel's newest series shows why famous people are famous while the rest of us are stuck working 9 to 5, which reminds me of the time Dabney Coleman got chained to a bed. Funny stuff.

9–10PM
SMALLVILLE (The WB, TV-PG-DV) We'll have to check with "The Shaw Report" for verification, but it seems the prematurely bald look may be in, as Lex Luthor has gone and snagged himself a love interest. Meanwhile, Clark's identity is busted by a dirty cop.

SEASON PREMIERE

10–11PM
THE REAL WORLD: CHICAGO (MTV, TV-14-DLS) "Black people intimidate me," says Tonya. So she may have a problem living with new housemates Theo and Aneesa. But it just wouldn't be the *Real World* without some well-placed racial tension.


SERIES DEBUT

9–10PM
FIRST MONDAY (CBS, TV-PG-L) It's the first *West Wing* rip-off, as *JAG*'s creators go to the Supreme Court for rapid hallway chatter, dark-hued sets, and patriotic fervor. None of which would be bad, except the show's awful: Poor, great James Garner, as chief justice, is reduced to making feeble football metaphors; Charles Durning carries a flask in his robes; the predictable liberals squabble at the predictable conservatives, with Joe Mantegna (left) as the morose, tie-breaking vote. Verdict: Cancel, with no appeals. C– *—Ken Tucker*

PORTRAIT OF A TERRORIST: AP/WIDE WORLD; FIRST MONDAY: CLIFF LIPSON

The Guest List

Look Who's on The Couch This Week
(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

JOSH HARTNETT

DAVID LETTERMAN **Monday** Josh Hartnett, the winner of *Survivor: Africa*, musical guests Remy Zero **Tuesday** Cuba Gooding Jr., musical guest Jewel **Wednesday** Comedian David Brenner **Thursday** Musical guest Willie Nelson **Friday** Cynthia Nixon, Elayne Boosler

JAY LENO **Monday** Denis Leary, Jennifer Garner, musical guest Usher **Tuesday** Calista Flockhart, Sisqó, Rufus Wainwright **Wednesday** Angie Harmon, comedian Cedric the Entertainer **Thursday** Megan Mullally **Friday** Nicole Kidman, Ryan Philippe, musical guest Michelle Branch

CONAN O'BRIEN **Monday** Gwyneth Paltrow, Zach Braff (R) **Tuesday** Martha Stewart, Matthew Modine, musical guests blink-182 (R) **Wednesday** Ted Danson, Craig Bierko (R) **Thursday** Dave Chappelle, Artie Lange, musical guest Dr. John (R) **Friday** Ashton Kutcher, Doris Roberts, musical guest Jewel (R)

THE VIEW **Monday** Marisa Tomei, Suze Orman **Tuesday** David Copperfield, Latanya Richardson **Thursday** Angie Harmon, John Miller **Friday** Halle Berry

ROSIE O'DONNELL **Monday** Aaron Brown, Billy Campbell, Susan Lucci **Tuesday** Diane Sawyer, Colin Mochrie **Wednesday** Denis Leary, Dean Winters, Mandy Moore **Thursday** Shane West, Chris Isaak **Friday** Soupy Sales

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES

WhattoWatch

WEDNESDAY January 16

9–10PM
THE WEST WING (NBC, TV-PG) President Bartlet works overtime to prepare for his big State of the Union address, but who cares? Sam's getting interviewed by *Vanity Fair*!

SEASON PREMIERE

SERIES DEBUT

9–10PM
GLORY DAYS (The WB, TV-PG-LV) Home is where the heart is. For Eddie Cahill, it's also where all the people hate you, in The WB's new murder-mystery series (see page 46).

SERIES DEBUT

10–11PM
COMBAT MISSIONS (USA, TV-PG-LV) Survivor Rudy Boesch (see page 64) sends teams out to compete in some hilariously cheesy war games. Did they study the old Matthew Broderick movie for training?

9:30–10PM
THE JOB (ABC, TV-14-DL) Denis Leary may be the headlining name on ABC's quirky cop comedy, but the real star of the show is fussy straight man Bill Nunn, who plays off the leading man's manic energy with understated charm. As season 2 begins, the pair (above) is stuck with a 12-year-old tagalong working on an article for her school newspaper. Meanwhile, the rest of the precinct find themselves caught up in the steamy antics of a naughty nun. While far and away fresher than any other ABC sitcom, it still must go head-to-head with *The West Wing*—a thankless *Job* indeed. B+

THURSDAY January 17

8–9PM
SURVIVOR: BACK FROM AFRICA (CBS) Is it just me or does Big Tom look older than his own father? Judge for yourself as cameras follow him and the other 15 contestants as they adjust to normal life in the U. S. of A.

8–8:30PM
FRIENDS (NBC, TV-14) There's nothing wrong with spending a little quality time with the rubber ducky, but will someone please get Chandler out of the bathtub?

9–10PM
TEMPTATION ISLAND 2 (Fox, TV-14) It's been a good month since we got our last Edmundo fix, and the withdrawal symptoms have been plenty painful. But tonight, reality TV's reigning sire of sleaze makes his triumphant return.

9–10PM
CHARMED (The WB, TV-PG-LV) Paige comes front and center when she goes back in time.

JELLY ON THE TELLY

10:40–11PM
NUDE JELLY WRESTLING (BBC America, TV-MA) Sorry, it's not what you think. This program is actually a collection of animated shorts covering such topics as "why Brits on television are so ugly." Good question.

9–9:30PM
WILL & GRACE (NBC, TV-14) Grace infiltrates a place with plenty of available men—prison.

9–10PM
CSI: CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION (CBS, TV-PG-V) Grissom's after a serial killer who is after Grissom.

FRIDAY January 18

8–9:30PM
DOUBLE TEAMED (Disney Channel, TV-G) Schwarzenegger and DeVito set the standard in twins movies—a standard that Disney hopes to match with its new cable flick based on the lives of WNBA sisters Heather and Heidi Burge.

8–9PM
DARK ANGEL (Fox, TV-PG-LV) Alec is deeply troubled by events from his past. Max tells him to get over it, because she's the star and he's swiping all her dramatic thunder.

8–9:30PM
JENNIFER LOPEZ IN CONCERT (ABC Family, TV-PG) Sorry to disappoint, but the fact that the cable premiere of J. Lo's NBC concert features "never-before-seen footage" doesn't mean you'll get to see more of her...um, assets.

8–8:30PM
SABRINA, THE TEENAGE WITCH (The WB, TV-G) Guest star George Wendt thinks Sabrina is a big-time ditz, but that may have something to do with a certain spell that has been cast.

9–11PM
POINT OF NO RETURN (FX, TV-PG-LSV) It's the American version of *La Femme Nikita*, but that doesn't mean it's any good.

SEBASTIAN BACH ALERT!

10–11PM
FOREVER WILD (VH1, TV-PG-D) The former Skid Row frontman covers all things metal. Oh, excuse me, all things METAL!!!

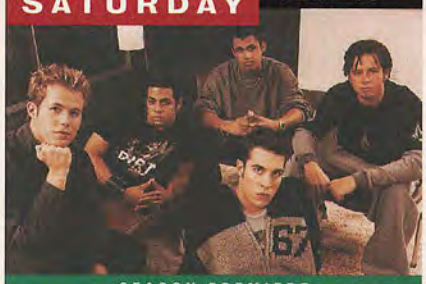
10–11PM
LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT (NBC, TV-14) A woman loses her head (not to mention her hands), and it's up to Benson and Stabler to figure out why.

CHAIN REACTION

8–9PM
ROOTS: CELEBRATING 25 YEARS (NBC, TV-PG) The groundbreaking ABC miniseries is worth commemorating, but not the way this docu-special does it. A handful of costars, including LeVar Burton (above) and Ed Asner, recall making it, but most of the interviewees are average Americans who share unenlightening memories of watching it. Even more puzzling are the random celebrities who offer commentary: It's kinda interesting that Will Smith's father made him watch *Roots* every night after dinner, but who cares that Larry King thinks it was a hit because "it had everything you want...drama...death...sex"? C+ —*Bruce Fretts*

THE JOB: BOB D'AMICO; *NUDE JELLY WRESTLING*: © BBC AMERICA; *ROOTS*: EVERETT COLLECTION

SATURDAY Jan. 19



SEASON PREMIERE

9-9:30PM

MAKING THE BAND (MTV, TV-PG) You know the boys of O-Town: Ashley's the cutie, Trevor's the joker, and Jacob, why, he's the eternal optimist...not! In tonight's season 3 premiere, permapill Jacob (above right) manages to dis everything, from the chance to open for Britney ("I don't really want to open up for anybody"), to the band's new choreography ("It's not working!"), to being nominated for a Radio Music award ("I would much rather rehearse over an awards show any day"). If we were him, all we'd be complaining about is our lame white-boy dreads. B

8-10PM

MRS. WORLD PAGEANT (PAX) They're beautiful, talented, and...taken! See who will be crowned the world's hottest married woman.

9-11PM

BABYLON 5: THE LEGEND OF THE RANGERS (Sci Fi, TV-PG-V) Science fiction shows never die, they just resurrect as movie franchises. Here's another prime example.

SERIES DEBUT

9:30-10PM

THE NICK CANNON SHOW (Nickelodeon, TV-Y) The former *All That* star busts loose in his own show. Guest stars Master P and Lil' Romeo are there to walk him through the first episode.

SEASON PREMIERE

9:30-10PM

BECOMING: 'N SYNC (MTV, TV-PG) Fans get dressed up to look like their favorite rock stars, or in this case, inoffensive boy banders.

10-11PM

ALLSTATE PRESENTS: THE ALL-STAR OLYMPIC SALUTE (NBC, TV-PG) Think of it as an Olympic pregame. Host Bob Costas gets you psyched with some help from ice-skaters supreme Scott Hamilton and Tara Lipinski.

MAKING THE BAND: COURTESY OF J RECORDS

SUNDAY January 20

6-8PM

MILDRED PIERCE (Turner Classic Movies, TV-PG) Joan Crawford won an Oscar for her work in this 1945 adaptation of a James M. Cain novel, and she didn't have to beat anyone with wire hangers to get it.

7-8PM

2002 GOLDEN GLOBES ARRIVAL SHOW (NBC, TV-PG) Here's where the evening's biggest winners and losers are revealed, as fashion firsts and faux pas are unleashed on the red carpet.

7-8PM

THE MAKING OF MY FAIR LADY (BBC America, TV-G) Freddie Eynsford-Hill himself (Jeremy Brett) narrates this celebration of the Audrey Hepburn classic, which airs directly afterward.

8-11PM

THE 59TH ANNUAL GOLDEN GLOBE AWARDS (NBC, TV-PG) We can't help but wonder, does Mark Hamill get all jealous having to constantly watch Harrison Ford pick up fancy-schmancy awards? I mean, after all, *he's* the freakin' Jedi! Something to ponder as Han Solo is presented the Cecil B. DeMille Award for career achievement.

8-10PM

GOSSIP: TABLOID TALES (A&E) Now, you didn't hear this from me, but I'm told that some pretty scandalous stuff goes on over in ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY critic Ken Tucker's office. (But remember, you didn't hear it from me.)

8-10PM

VIETNAM'S UNSEEN WAR: PICTURES FROM THE OTHER SIDE (MSNBC, TV-G) *National Geographic Explorer* shows off the work of North Vietnamese photographers. All you have to do is sit and appreciate.

9-9:30PM

SEX & THE CITY (HBO, TV-MA) Aidan can't wait to get married. Carrie can.

9-11PM

THE PRESIDENT'S MAN: A LINE IN THE SAND (CBS) How great a movie was *Invasion U.S.A*? So great that Chuck Norris rips himself off to star once again as a man trying to thwart no-good terrorists. And while we're at it, how great is Chuck Norris? C'mon, who's with me...?

9-10PM

THE IT FACTOR (Bravo, TV-MA) Chelsea demonstrates the proper way to fake an orgasm on camera.

10-11PM

HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE (Discovery Channel, TV-PG) Sometimes I run the water really hot, get the tub all steamy, and pretend I'm maxing and relaxing in a big Roman bath. But it's hard to really turn back time when your next-door neighbor is cranking Linkin Park all damn day.

10-11PM

OZ (HBO, TV-MA) If you're wondering why Beecher has a little extra pep in his step, it's because his buddy Chris Keller's back in town. Well, jail actually.

10:45-11:30PM

THE CHRIS ISAAK SHOW (Showtime, TV-MA) Chris learns his hometown wants to name a street after him, which isn't quite as cool as having your own cereal or Saturday morning cartoon, but it's pretty darn close.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S IRE

9:30-10PM

PROJECT GREENLIGHT (HBO, TV-MA) When things go wrong, people get fired—and oh, have things been going wrong for first-time director Pete Jones (above with Aidan Quinn). He won a million-dollar budget (from Miramax films and coexecutive producers Ben Affleck and Matt Damon) to shoot a movie called *Stolen Summer*, and everything's been downhill since. HBO's addictive docuseries has captured all the on-set missteps (including the filming of a Little League baseball game in a full-on downpour), and now coproducer Jeff Balis may be paying with his job. His fate hangs in the balance tonight as Jones and company find new ways to screw up a major motion picture, like, for instance, sending a stuntman through a wall of fire without properly filming it...twice! Meanwhile, if incompetence won't tear the production apart, egos and infighting will. Who knows what kind of movie *Summer* will end up being, but file the TV series under pure comedy. A

Sunny Delight

Florida mystery man Carl Hiaasen puts the squeeze on the music industry in the fresh and juicy *Basket Case*. by Bruce Fretts

FROM JIMMY BUFFETT TO 'N Sync, Florida has long been a breeding ground for pop musicians. So it seems fitting that one of the state's leading crime novelists, Carl Hiaasen, should dive into the record biz's shark-infested waters with his latest mystery, **Basket Case**. The fun begins when Jimmy Stoma, lead singer of Jimmy and the Slut Puppies, drowns while scuba diving in the Bahamas. His death is ruled an accident, but when the band's bassist is later found dead, a question arises: Who's trying to snuff the Slut Puppies?

As the story unfurls, Hiaasen drops real pop names: We're told that Jimmy was once arrested for urinating on Engelbert Humperdinck's limo, and that his funeral attracts a *Behind the Music*-worthy lineup, including "chunky, gray- streaked rockers from primeval bands like Styx and Supertramp...and an auburn-haired beauty who was either a Bangle or a Go-Go." The author also elicits chuckles with the Puppies' Spinal Tap-ish titles—albums like *A Painful Burning Sensation*, and such tracks as "Trouser Troll" and "All Humped Out." The book's title comes from a song Stoma cowrote with "Werewolves of London" howler Warren Zevon (its chorus: "My baby is a basket case, a bipolar mama in leather and lace!"). The biggest yuks come at the expense of Stoma's widow, a Courtney Love-like wailer named Cleo Rio who made a splash by flashing her pubic hair in the Oliver Stone-directed video for her hit single, "Me," and is now rumored to be sleeping with Russell Crowe.

Was Cleo involved in her husband's demise? It's up to Jack Tagger, an investigative reporter for a South Florida daily who's recently been demoted to the obits desk, to find out. Hiaasen, himself a *Miami Herald* columnist, knows the newspaper game and offers withering commentary about the industry's sorry state. Jack's an old-school muckraker who bemoans the "strenuously tepid and deferential" tone of modern American journalism, noting that "people who run most newspapers no longer seek out renegades and wild spirits, but rather climbers and careerists." Such diatribes don't endear Jack to the paper's polo-playing CEO, Race Maggad III, a bottom-liner who's

Basket Case
BY
CARL HIAASEN
$25.95
KNOPF

STYLING: SANDRA BENBARUK/WILLIAMS IMAGE GROUP; GROOMING: ASSUMPTA GLOHESSY/PRICE INC.; SUIT, BELT, AND SHOES: GIORGIO ARMANI; SHIRT: HUGO BOSS

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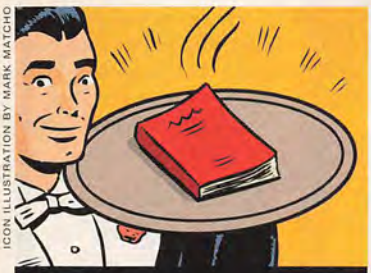


ICON ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO

NEW in Paperback

The Tipping Point Malcolm Gladwell *(Back Bay Books, $14.95, 2000)* Gladwell's analysis of how social epidemics—from fashion trends to cigarette brands—ignite and attain critical mass became something of a phenomenon itself.

The 25th Hour David Benioff *(Plume, $13, 2000)* Benioff's exciting first novel trafficks a New York City playground of Wall Street brokers and middle-class white drug dealers in the last hours before a young man's imprisonment.

Ice Bound Dr. Jerri Nielsen with Maryanne Vollers *(Talk Miramax Books, $14.95, 2001)* The good doctor offers a harrowing account of treating her own breast cancer while trapped at a South Pole research station.

"aiming for annual profits of twenty-five percent, a margin that would be the envy of most heroin pushers."

Jack's caustic exchange with his boss at a shareholders' meeting lands him on the obituary beat, a job that feeds his naturally morbid tendencies. He becomes obsessed with celebrities' ages when they died—and depressed that at 46, he's now lived as long as John F. Kennedy: "At my age...Kennedy [was] the leader of the free world. Me, I'm sitting in a donut shop." Hiaasen mines this turf for dark humor (Jack consoles himself that unlike JFK, "I'm too obscure to attract a competent sniper") as well as the kind of fascinating death-industry detail served on HBO's *Six Feet Under*: "In Florida...every corpse gets a coffin, even for cremation. It's a law that exists for no other reason than to pad the profits of funeral-home proprietors."

Hiaasen's last novel, the shaggy-dog story *Sick Puppy*, found him dangerously close to Dave Barry territory. But with its vibrant criminals and quotable dialogue, *Basket Case* happily moves him back toward Elmore Leonard land. Its simple (some might say formulaic) plot seems ready-made for a movie—one hopes a better one than 1996's *Striptease*, which disastrously turned Hiaasen's ensemble piece into a star vehicle for Demi Moore's breasts.

Female characters have never been Hiaasen's forte, and *Basket Case*'s jokey tone makes it hard to take seriously the subplot about Jack's unlikely affair with his prissy 27-year-old editor, Emma. Yet every time the author tosses off a sidesplitter like the one about the Slut Puppies' "notoriously moody lead guitarist, Peter P. Proust, who three years ago was fatally stabbed in a bizarre confrontation with a sidewalk Santa Claus," you're willing to forgive him anything.

A–

BetweentheLines

The inside scoop on the book world

» HOLIDAY PRESENCE There were pre-Christmas layoffs of a few top editors and gloomy forecasts by certain publishing executives. But for some of the nation's premier independent booksellers, the giving season didn't turn out half bad. (At press time, the Barnes & Noble and Borders chains were still assembling their holiday sales reports.) "One of our stores was up a bit from the year before, and one was down a bit, but with all the things happening in the greater world, we're pretty happy," says Derek Holland, manager at The Tattered Cover, in Denver. A number of stores reported big hits, with John Grisham, Jonathan Franzen, and David McCullough's *John Adams* all selling well; mass-market editions of *The Shipping News* and *Black Hawk Down*—and anything related to *The Lord of the Rings*—were also strong. "The Tolkien books were phenomenal," says Peter Aaron, owner of Seattle's Elliott Bay Book Company. "Every single version, every format, from books on tape to $75 boxed sets." At Murder Ink & Ivy's in New York City, store manager Tom Cushman saw mystery sales hurt by Dick Francis' retirement. "We'd usually sell 300 [of his new book] every Christmas," he says.

Overall, sales were still better than they were last holiday season, helped in part by E.B. White's reissued classic *Here is New York*. "Local" writers were in demand elsewhere, too: Signed copies of Grisham's *Skipping Christmas* boosted sales at Square Books, in Oxford, Miss. "That was an unexpected treat, since usually his books come out in the spring," says Jamie Kornegay, the store's events coordinator. Best of all, the buying season now extends into January, says Carl Lennertz, publisher coordinator for Book Sense, a marketing campaign that runs a gift certificate program for independent stores. As people redeem the certificates, Lennertz says, they also buy more books: "There's a lot of pent-up money starting Dec. 26, so whatever the holiday story is, it'll continue until February."

—Matthew Flamm

***RING* LEADER** Gandalf and Co. ruled them all

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNEO

The Week

Nonfiction

IN THE LITTLE WORLD: A TRUE STORY OF DWARFS, LOVE, AND TROUBLE • **John H. Richardson** *(HarperCollins, $25)* In 1997, Richardson checked into the Atlanta Airport Marriott for the annual Little People of America Convention to gather meat for a magazine article. The resulting story, which described the "big butts and big heads," threw the dwarf community into an uproar. A weeklong assignment became a two-year bout of self-scrutiny as the author delved into the complicated relationships he had with his subjects. "My first thought shames me still: A dwarf woman and a tall man in therapy together…wouldn't that be great for the book!" While he offers valuable windows into this world, Richardson's real obsession is his own, that of a conflicted journalist unafraid to dwell in his pit of neuroses. **B** —*Karen Valby*

THE HISTORY OF MYSTERY • **Max Allan Collins** *(Collectors Press, $45)* Collins is an award-winning whodunit novelist himself, so perhaps the real mystery surrounding this handsome coffee-table tome is why it reads so darn badly, right from the barely parsable first sentence ("The mystery story maintains its perennial hold on readers because, at its core, is crime—and death, those inevitable elements of society and life that so fascinate us"). Ignore the potted history of dime novels and sleuth films, then, and be content to wallow in the gloriously seamy cover art of pulp magazines and paperbacks like *Lady, Don't Die on My Doorstep*. **C+** —*Ty Burr*

MRS. PAINE'S GARAGE AND THE MURDER OF JOHN F. KENNEDY **Thomas Mallon** *(Pantheon, $22)* In this slim nonfiction volume, novelist Mallon has unearthed the life of Ruth Hyde Paine, the young mother of two who housed Lee Harvey Oswald's family in the months before he killed President Kennedy. To those not steeped in assassination mythology, the degree of separation from the event itself recalls that old Mel Brooks chestnut, "What does that make us? Absolutely nothing." In shedding light on a particularly dark corner of the story, the talented Mallon has produced an odd curio—part reporting exercise, part speculative ramble, and part heartfelt appreciation of a woman he quite clearly admires. **B** —*Daniel Fierman*

Fiction

THE SIEGE • **Helen Dunmore** *(Grove, $24)* The year is 1941, and motherless Anna Levin has her work cut out for her. The 22-year-old aspiring artist serves as breadwinner and caretaker for both her father and younger brother in Leningrad, where threats of a German invasion and a harsh winter loom. In her harrowing tale of war's desolation and the human capacity to endure affliction, Orange Prize-winning author Dunmore paints a nuanced portrait of the personal battles of citizens trapped amid the bloody trenches of WWII, where a quarter slice is your daily bread and the touch of a hand can make the difference between life and death. An affecting, devastating work. **A–** —*Allyssa Lee*

COLLECTORS PRESS

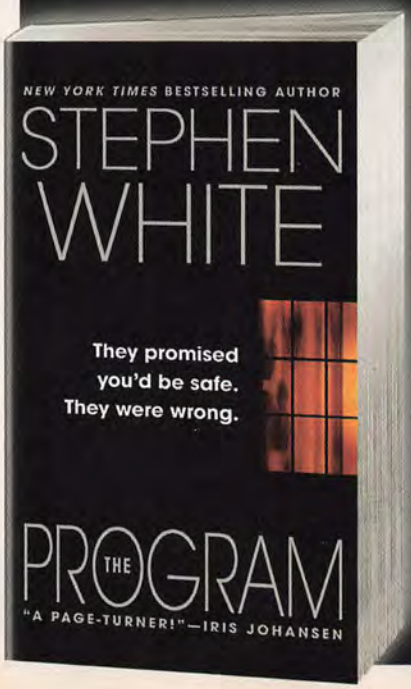
FINALLY IN PAPERBACK!

In the Program, they changed her name, her address, her history.

And then, they changed the program...

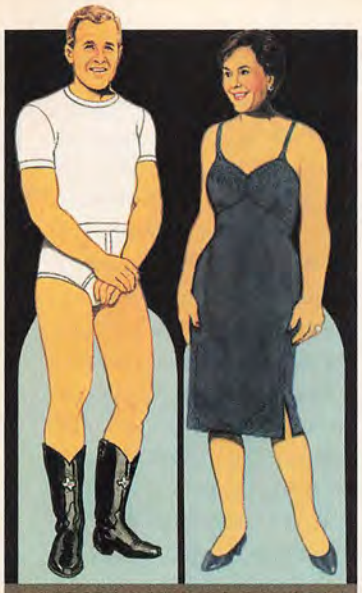
In a thrilling novel, bestselling author Stephen White takes readers deep into the Witness Protection Program, as a fugitive D.A. confronts the fact that even in the Program, she and her daughter aren't safe from a killer who operates within the law...

"You'll not read a more suspenseful or better-crafted novel this year."
—*The Plain Dealer* (Cleveland)


NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR
STEPHEN WHITE
They promised you'd be safe. They were wrong.
THE PROGRAM
"A PAGE-TURNER!"—IRIS JOHANSEN

Look for Stephen White's new hardcover, *Warning Signs*, on sale 2/26/02.

Available wherever books are sold • www.authorstephenwhite.com
Dell



LITERARY DOLLS OF THE WEEK

George W. Bush and Family

Tom Tierney adds the 43rd President to his revealing—and surprisingly earnest—series of clan cutouts from Dover Publications.

TOM TIERNEY/DOVER PUBLICATIONS

TEPPER ISN'T GOING OUT

Calvin Trillin *(Random House, $22.95)* Tepper, the thin-haired hero of Trillin's new novel, likes parking his Chevy Malibu on the street and reading the newspaper until the meter runs out. That's enough for a charming old-time New York story, and Trillin delivers just that—for a New York minute. Then, regrettably, the plucky parker turns into a straight-talking oracle, and a bullying mayor goes after him. Picture the old head-cracking, pre–Person of the Year Rudy Giuliani facing down Chance the Gardener from *Being There*, only Tepper doesn't magically walk on water in the end. No, thanks to a mood-killing final twist, it's more like he spits in your eye. **C+** —*Gregory Kirschling*

THE FEAST OF THE GOAT • Mario Vargas Llosa *(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $25)*

Combining the bottomless compassion of Stalin with the gentlemanly restraint of Herod, His Excellency Rafael Trujillo—a.k.a. The Chief, a.k.a. The Goat, a.k.a. Generalissimo of the Dominican Republic (1930–61)—was a despot par excellence. Moving vividly from the satisfactions of the monster's morning bath through the graft and murder of his workday and onto the seignorial depravities of the tropical night, Vargas Llosa conveys the full humanity of a Shakespeare-worthy villain and conjures, not without comedy, the terrors of his reign. The book is a thriller, gaining speed and depth as it follows the plans of anti-Trujillista assassins; a slightly hazy historical exploration; and a gross-out comedy, lavishly describing a scared old man who can control a country but not his bladder. **B+** —*Troy Patterson*

THE BOOK YOU HAVE TO READ

JEN: JILL KREMENTZ; *EVA MOVES THE FURNITURE*: PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY VERDE

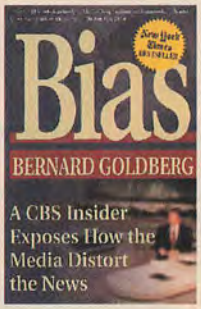
Gish Jen recommends Eva Moves the Furniture by Margot Livesey *(Holt, $23)*

This is a haunting shimmer of a novel, whose pub date—eerily—was Sept. 11, and whose particular daring seems prescient. An ordinary girl grows up in Scotland, around the time of World War II, among companions not of the present world. The prose is glorious, vivid, and artful: We behold with simple wonder the shining rims of a dark-eyed bird, for example; likewise the lidless eyes of wounded soldiers, condemned to stare and stare. Evocative and beautiful, this novel conjures up an atmosphere strangely of our time, even as it strikes and limns, moving our furniture as surely as it moves its own.

Gish Jen wrote *Who's Irish?: Stories*.

BEST-SELLERS

CUT ON THE 'BIAS'



A CONTROVERSY IS BREWING on the nonfiction list this week. Bernard Goldberg's damning exposé, *Bias: A CBS Insider Exposes How the Media Distort the News*, lurks just beneath the top 10 at No. 11. The conservative beltway publisher Regnery is enjoying a lucrative winter, as Goldberg's accusations of the media's liberal bias join Barbara Olson's *The Final Days* on the best-seller list. In fiction, the week's sole debut is Dean Koontz's new thriller, *One Door Away From Heaven*, which lands at No. 5. Give him another week of sales, and Koontz may soon be knocking at No. 1.

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	**SKIPPING CHRISTMAS** John Grisham, *Doubleday, $19.95*	7
2	**VIOLETS ARE BLUE** James Patterson, *Little, Brown, $27.95*	5
3	**THE CORRECTIONS** Jonathan Franzen, *Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $26*	16
4	**LAST MAN STANDING** David Baldacci, *Warner, $26.95*	7
5	**ONE DOOR AWAY FROM HEAVEN** Dean Koontz, *Bantam, $26.95*	1
6	**JACKDAWS** Ken Follett, *Dutton, $26.95*	3
7	**HE SEES YOU WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING** Mary Higgins Clark and Carol Higgins Clark, *Scribner, $20*	5
8	**THE BEST-LOVED POEMS OF JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS** Selected and introduced by Caroline Kennedy, *Hyperion, $21.95*	12
9	**BLACK HOUSE** Stephen King and Peter Straub, *Random House, $28.95*	12
10	**DESECRATION: ANTICHRIST TAKES THE THRONE** Tim LaHaye and Jerry Jenkins, *Tyndale, $24.99*	8

NONFICTION

1	**JOHN ADAMS** David McCullough, *Simon & Schuster, $35*	31
2	**THE NO SPIN ZONE: CONFRONTATIONS WITH THE POWERFUL AND FAMOUS IN AMERICA** Bill O'Reilly, *Broadway, $24.95*	10
3	**JACK: STRAIGHT FROM THE GUT** Jack Welch with John A. Byrne, *Warner, $29.95*	15
4	**THEODORE REX** Edmund Morris, *Random House, $35*	5
5	**THE FINAL DAYS: THE LAST, DESPERATE ABUSES OF POWER BY THE CLINTON WHITE HOUSE** Barbara Olson, *Regnery, $27.95*	10
6	**THE PRAYER OF JABEZ** Bruce Wilkinson, *Multnomah, $9.99*	45
7	**THE UNIVERSE IN A NUTSHELL** Stephen Hawking, *Bantam, $35*	7
8	**HOW I PLAY GOLF** Tiger Woods with the editors of *Golf Digest, Warner, $34.95*	11
9	**GUINNESS WORLD RECORDS 2002** *Guinness Publishing, $27.95*	5
10	**SELF MATTERS: CREATING YOUR LIFE FROM THE INSIDE OUT** Phillip C. McGraw, *Simon & Schuster, $25*	5

SOURCE: *PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*

EW EAGERLY AWAITS

UP COUNTRY Nelson DeMille *(Warner, $26.95, on sale Jan. 29)* The best-selling author of *The General's Daughter* sets the sequel in Vietnam, where his hero confronts double crosses, corruption, and a comely expatriate who just may be a spy.

SERVANTS OF THE MAP: STORIES Andrea Barrett *(Norton, $24.95, on sale Feb. 4)* From the National Book Award–winning author of the short-story collection *Ship Fever* come six new tales about the intersection of science and humanity.

THE SUMMONS John Grisham *(Doubleday, $27.95, on sale Feb. 5)* The legal eagle returns with his annual February gift to readers (and his publisher). His latest revolves around a divorced law professor reeling from his father's death.

Stéphane Pompougnac
HOTEL COSTES QUATRE
MSI

F.K. Junior & Sindress
BARFLY III
MUSICRAMA

D.J. Sam Popat
LITTLE BUDDHA CAFE
MUSICRAMA

J.P. Rigaud
NIKKI BEACH VOL. 1
LOUNGISM

The Big Chill

Electronica Muzak? Its cool sounds are not only moving into hotels and bars but onto people's stereos. Ty Burr plugs into the trend.

USED TO BE THE ONLY tunes you'd hear in a hotel lobby were the sterile, beckoning strains of Muzak. Go to a restaurant and you'd get piped-in classic rock. Someday soon, though, you may walk into a Holiday Inn or a suburban diner and be caressed by the soothing funk swoosh of the curious electronic subgenre known variously as nu-lounge, downtempo, and chill-out. And you'll have the French to thank for it.

They're the folks who put Brian Eno's two-decades-old concept of ambient music for public spaces through *une grande mutation* with the success—major in Europe, underground yet influential over here—of CDs like the *Buddha-Bar* and *Hôtel Costes* series. Springing from actual, achingly hip locations (both the above sites are in Paris, but the virus has spread to London, Ibiza, Miami, New York, and even Las Vegas), the discs tout the place first, the DJ second, and the musicians who create any of the individual grooves dead last.

But the fans who put *Buddha-Bar III* in the top 20 at the Virgin Megastores chain last year, or the pop/fashion names like Madonna and Donna Karan who are giving the double-disc set to friends as gifts du jour, aren't necessarily devotees of Rollercone or Rinôçerôse. They're buying the soundtrack to a lifestyle: rich, indolent, blissed-out. This is Gap store music for the soul, shallow and luxuriant. It can even, occasionally, be deeply wonderful.

DJ'd by aging Parisian sybarite Claude Challe, the first two *Buddha-Bar* compilations

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN RITTER

opened the market to the point where rip-offs quickly appeared (the company behind two identical-looking sets called *Kharma Beats* and *Buddha Beats* is being sued by Challe). The *Hôtel Costes* series, DJ'd by Stéphane Pompougnac, perfected the sway-'n'-chill formula: If you want to feel like you've died and gone to Euro-swank heaven, pop in the incredible *Costes Etage 3* the next time you're dusting the playroom. The segue alone from the club mix of Shirley Bassey's "Where Do I Begin" to the head-spinning Balkan harmonies of Cosmos Sound Club's "Les Chrysanthèmes" can kick you into lazy ecstasy.

Hôtel Costes Quatre, Pompougnac's latest, is almost as fine. As with others in the series, the beat slowly builds toward hippy-hippy-shake territory over the first half of the 73-minute mix, then slopes back off to blissful ennui. It's the slower cuts that click: Variety Lab's "London in the Rain" unfurls like a pickup scene in an Antonioni movie, while Gotan Project's "Epoca" floats on a combination of winding French accordion and Brazilian-babe vocals, and Shantal's dreamy, ambiguous "Whatever" is the sound of falling asleep on the world's most comfortable couch. As for the disposable uptempo middle cuts: Well, how often do you dance in a hotel lobby?

You can dance in a bar, though, and **Barfly III**, mixed by the Paris boîte's resident DJs JC Sindress and F.K. Junior, smartly feeds into the cheesiest clichés of '70s disco and rejuvenates them through sheer nerve. The gutsy vocals of Simpson Tune's "Bring It Down," the Love Unlimited Orchestra-on-steroids strings of In Direct's "Gold Rusch," the sampled Billie Holiday of Alex Gopher's "The Child": You've heard these ingredients before, but like a good cocktail, *Barfly III* swirls them into something startlingly new.

Little Buddha Café, by contrast, is one sour Sex on the Beach. Mixed by D.J. Sam Popat for an Asian restaurant located in Las Vegas' Palms resort, *Little Buddha* skews to the world-music/New Age side of Challe's groundbreaking equation, and it's the lamest sort of ersatz-Zen noodling, with cuts like Feng Shui's "Right Mindfulness" devolving right back into fern-bar Muzak. Much better is **Nikki Beach Vol. 1—a Chillout Session**, J.P. Rigaud's mix for the nightclub/restaurant on Miami Beach's Ocean Drive. This is generally smoochy, swooning stuff—Zihan & Kamien's "Ocean Air" sounds like movie music for the scene where the hero sails off a cliff—but random vocal samples add a touch of louche comedy to the vibe, as though you were eavesdropping on a tipsy model the next towel over. Pepe Deluxe's "The Beat Experience," in fact, opens with a dialogue snippet that could stand as a motto for the whole subgenre of hotel/bar/restaurant theme music: a man's voice lazily intoning "More and more, I have the feeling that we are getting nowhere...and that is a pleasure." *Hôtel Costes Quatre:* **B–** *Barfly III:* **B** *Little Buddha Café:* **D+** *Nikki Beach Vol. 1:* **B+**

Hear&Now

This week on the music beat BY CHRIS WILLMAN

» INDIA JONES "India! India! India!" From the shouting, guests at the Beverly Hilton in L.A. might've thought war had just broken out at the Pakistani border, but it was only photographers at a Grammy press conference, desperate to get a shot of India.Arie. The neo-soul neophyte would've barely triggered a red-carpet flashbulb a day earlier, but that was before she became the belle of the ball by earning seven nominations, second only to U2's eight, ahead of Alicia Keys' six. Arie's debut, *Acoustic Soul*, is even up for Album of the Year, despite selling just under a million...as opposed to Keys' 4.1-million-selling bow, which, surprisingly, got shut out of that category. Having been invited to help announce nominees—a tip-off she'd be among them—a stunned Arie later told EW: "I was thinking, Best New Artist, period. Being nominated for seven shows me my peers really listened and got it."

At least the blue-ribbon committees that nominate in key categories got it. The results of the Grammys' less populist winnowing process are evident in the top-album category, in which, for the first time, all five nominees—U2, Arie, Bob Dylan, Outkast, and *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*—overlap with some sort of critical consensus. For an organization as racked by scandal as the Recording Academy, it's nice to have a year in which journalists will have to stretch to wax outraged about the awards themselves.

Who are the nominees rooting for? Four-time nominee Nelly Furtado: "Outkast—it's the best album of the year." Pat Monahan of the four-times-nominated Train: "I'm surprised but really happy for India.Arie; her record's wonderful." Usher: "Outkast. Arista's got to clean up somehow, some way, this year!" Jimmy Jam: "One of my favorites, Coldplay, is in there." And Arie: "Musiq Soulchild." Did we really hear her enthuse over 'N Sync at the press conference? She laughs: "I'm always saying I love Justin Timberlake's voice." 'N Sync's *Celebrity* is up for three awards; for Grammy, the megaseller-friendly times aren't a-changin' *that* much.

WHAT'S IN A NOM? (1) Arie, (2) U2, (3) Outkast, and (4) Furtado all have a shot at multiple Grammys this year

1: JEFFREY MAYER/WIREIMAGE.COM; 2: JIM SPELLMAN/WIREIMAGE.COM; 3: GREGG DEGUIRE/WIREIMAGE.COM; 4: STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

Our flavors tell the whole story.

Oscar Mayer Turkey

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You Oughta Know About...Citizen Cope

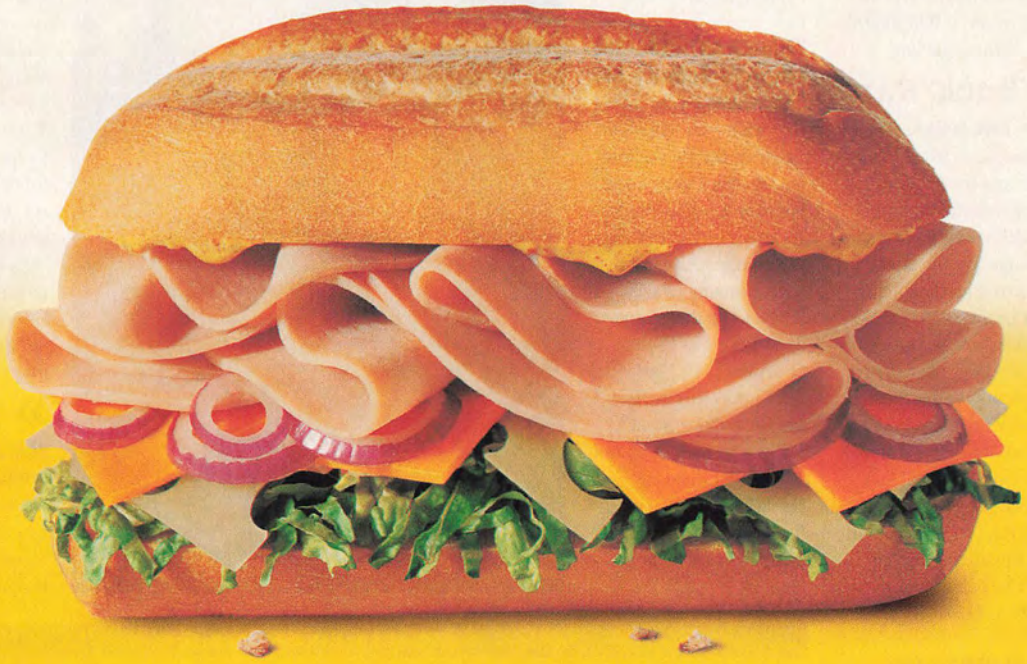
ACE OF BASEHEAD

- **HOMETOWN** Washington, D.C.
- **LATEST ALBUM** *Citizen Cope* (out Jan. 29)
- **MATHEMATICAL DESCRIPTION OF HIS SOUND** G. Love + (Basehead – PM Dawn)
- **WHY WE THINK YOU SHOULD BUY HIS ALBUM:** The onetime DJ for art-rap crew Basehead writes stellar, personal songs that fold in hip-hop, soul, reggae, and irresistible pop hooks.
- **WHY HE THINKS YOU SHOULD BUY HIS ALBUM** "Because it's from the heart," says Cope, a.k.a. Clarence Greenwood, "and otherwise, I'll be poor."
- **WHY HE'S NOT ON TOP 40 RADIO** Give it a chance, man! The first single, "If There's Love," came out Dec. 11, and MTV2 recently started playing the video as part of its "Artists to Watch for 2002" series. "I don't have a problem with Top 40. [My music] just hasn't gotten there yet," says Greenwood.
- **ODDS HE'LL GO PLATINUM** 5 to 1
- **WHY HE THINKS YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO HIM INSTEAD OF CREED** "There's room for everything. I'm doing my thing and it's not anybody else's fault if my record doesn't sell. It's not Creed's fault, it's not Britney Spears' fault," he says.
- **WHAT'S NEXT?** A brief tour with DreamWorks labelmate Nelly Furtado starting Jan. 30, followed by some solo dates. "I'm really gonna concentrate on breaking this record," he says.
- **WHAT HE'LL BE DOING IN 10 YEARS** "Writing, producing, and making records. I'd love to help develop other talent, maybe write scores for movies," says Greenwood. "I definitely see myself in a good place." —*Evan Serpick*

MODEL CITIZEN "I'm trying to change the idea of what pop music is and what it can be"

CHRISTIAN LANTRY

Remind you of your last turkey sandwich?



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The Week

» Singles

LIL' ROMEO, NICK CANNON, AND 3LW ◆ "Parents Just Don't Understand" *(Nick/Jive)* As done back in the day by DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, this song was pure G-rated corn that you couldn't help but love. This limp remake (from the *Jimmy Neutron: Boy Genius* soundtrack) lacks all the charm of the original, and then some. It doesn't take a genius to realize that Lil' Romeo and his cohorts aren't fit to carry Will Smith's Afro pick. **D–** *—Tom Sinclair*

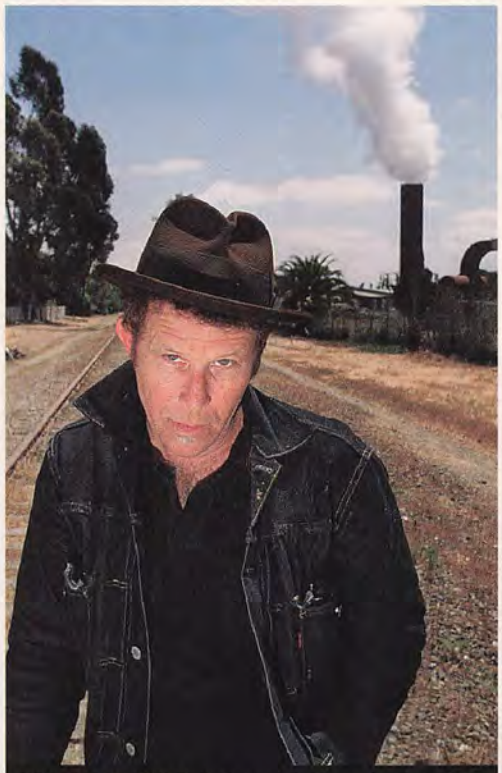
» Pop/Rock/Rap

STARSAILOR ◆ Love Is Here *(Capitol)* Taking their name from a Tim Buckley album and their torrid, crashing-waves melodies and tendency for falsetto vocals from his son Jeff, Starsailor are the latest U.K. choirboys to drag their sensitive souls over to these shores. Yet they're *more* sensitive and gracefully shambolic than their peers Travis and Coldplay, thanks to overheated, self-absorbed singer James Walsh ("I need to be alone/while I suffer" is a typical line) and the tumbling, rustic-countryside beauty of their music. As much as you want to tell Walsh to calm down, this stirring debut wouldn't be half as potent without him. **A–** *—David Browne*

NOBAKAZU TAKEMURA ◆ Sign *(Thrill Jockey)* Japanese Mac addict Takemura is a master of organized chaos, piecing together graceful techno constructs from nasty shards of computer noise and gurgling eruptions of cross-wired circuitry. This album, his most accessible to date, splits the difference between terse squonk-a-thons and tracks in which a thick palimpsest of playfully rude sounds are draped over melodic drones. Ineffably gorgeous. **A–** *—Marc Weingarten*

TOM WAITS ◆ The Dime Store Novels Vol. 1—Live at Ebbets Field *(Burning Airlines)* Remember when Waits' voice was just severely sandpapery, before he started going for that industrial-drilling thing? Revisit those tender years on this import-only live album, reviving a 1974 solo appearance broadcast on the radio in Denver. No one would argue that this is Waits' most astonishing hour; it's his second set, and he admits to what sounds like two dozen paying customers that he "shot [his] wad" in the first. But that allows for some odd song choices, and for fans, it's a welcome trip back to his barely more conventional fisherman-boho years. **B+** *—CW*

VARIOUS ARTISTS ◆ The Source Presents Hip-Hop Hits Volume 5 *(Def Jam)* Say what you will about music in the two-oh-oh-one; it was a very good year for hip-hop singles. As this compilation amply demonstrates, the jams came in a variety of flavors: the dexterous dope-gothic of D-12's "Purple Pills"; Eve's sexy imprecation "Let Me Blow Your Mind"; Missy's paradigm-buster "Get Ur Freak On," and Trick Daddy's cherry boo-ya bomb "I'm a Thug." So fresh, so unclean. **A–** *—MW*



WORTH THE WAITS An import takes us back to 1974

MASTER P ◆ Gameface *(Universal/The New No Limit)* His trademark "Uhhnnhhh" may evoke terminal constipation, but P has never had to strain when it comes to putting out albums. This one isn't noticeably better or worse than most of his others, featuring the usual guest appearances by his family members (son Lil' Romeo, brothers C-Murder and Silkk tha Shocker), topical commentary ("They trippin' on bin Laden, but what about these ghetto walls?"), and beats by the pound. Like watching *Martin* reruns, there's something oddly comforting about the inexorability of it all. **B–** *—TS*

TAHA/KHALED/FAUDEL ◆ 1,2,3 Soleils *(Mondo Melodia)* After attending the 1998 Paris concert documented here, Sting delivered his *rai*-flavored "Desert Rose," with help from the Jaguar corporation. But never mind that. This platinum import is a beautifully orchestrated triple-header of real *rai* music: Khaled, the smooth elder statesman; Taha, the groove-wise experimentalist; and Faudel, the hip-pop prince. After Islamic fundamentalists in Algeria began assassinating *rai* artists in the mid-'90s, the pop-savvy genre bloomed globally; this captures it in all its ululating, expatriate glory. **B+** *—Will Hermes*

» Classical

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Cristal: Glass Music Through the Ages *(Sony Classical)* The title screams "New Age," but this anthology of music

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of music critics from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	Robert Hilburn, Los Angeles Times	Greg Kot, Chicago Tribune	Edna Gunderson, USA Today	Sonia Murray, The Atlanta Journal-Constitution	Entertainment Weekly	Critics' Average
Garth Brooks, *Scarecrow* CAPITOL NASHVILLE	C+	C	C	B–	B	C+
Creed, *Weathered* WIND-UP	C+	C	C	C–	C–	C
De La Soul, *AOI: Bionix* TOMMY BOY	C	B	A–	A–	B+	B
Alan Jackson, *Drive* ARISTA/NASHVILLE	C+	B	—	C	B+	B–
Jay-Z, *Unplugged* ROC-A-FELLA	B	C+	B–	B+	A	B
Kid Rock, *Cocky* LAVA/ATLANTIC	C–	B–	D	C	B	C
Ludacris, *Word of Mouf* DEF JAM	C+	B	C+	B+	B	B–
No Doubt, *Rock Steady* INTERSCOPE	C	B	B	B–	B+	B–
Pink, *M!ssundaztood* ARISTA	C+	C	B–	B	A–	B–
Starsailor, *Love Is Here* CAPITOL	B	B	A–	—	A–	B+

ROBERT DURRELL/*LOS ANGELES TIMES*/RETNA

PUNISHMENT OF THE WEEK

"Because I Got High"

A Massachusetts judge sentenced a teen charged with possession of a marijuana pipe to write a report about Afroman's hit single. The unrepentant kid requested joint custody.

for glass harmonica and other obscure crystalline instruments dating back to Mozart's time offers historical curiosity value rather than mysticism. The performers—assembled by glass aficionado Linda Ronstadt, who also sings on a few tracks—are first-rate. One's tolerance for the celestially pure tones, however, may wane over the course of a lengthy album. **B** —*Scott D. Paulin*

» Soundtracks

VARIOUS ARTISTS • A Walk to Remember *(Epic)* You must remember this: Even a love story soundtrack can handle only so much schmaltz. Despite solid vocals from the film's star, Mandy Moore (who made her big-screen bow in 2001's *The Princess Diaries*), and Switchfoot's Jonathan Foreman, their songs drown in maudlin emotions and gooey production. Toploader's slacker-swinger take on "Dancing in the Moonlight" and a buoyant New Radicals tune buck the muck, but unless you're young and in crush, you won't want to walk this way. **B–** —*Nina Malkin*

VARIOUS ARTISTS • Orange County *(Columbia)* The soundtrack to this teen comedy is a fine Baedeker of Southern California rock. O.C. punk elder statesmen the Offspring show upstarts Crazy Town that it's more about nuance than nooky; Hawthorne native Brian Wilson ladles out two servings of mascarpone pop, while Hollywood heartthrob Pete Yorn breaks all the young girls' hearts with his quietly desperate heartache. Sorely missed: a laugh track from costar and erstwhile Tenacious D-er Jack Black. **B** —*MW*

» Reissues

JETHRO TULL • This Was; Stand Up; Benefit *(Chrysalis/Capitol)* Tull started out as a delightfully weird proposition—a bunch of Brit blues bashers fronted by a flutist! The rerelease of their first three albums (digitally remastered with bonus tracks) attests to their rapid development. While the bloozy posturing of *This Was* sounds painfully dated, the more ambitious *Stand Up* still stands tall. And *Benefit* is a quantum leap forward, divided evenly between riveting riff-rock ("To Cry You a Song") and airy ballads ("Inside"), with nary a duff track. Too bad Tull only made one more good album (*Aqualung*) before slipping into irrelevance. *This Was:* **C+** *Stand Up:* **B** *Benefit:* **A** —*TS*

» Country

ALAN JACKSON • Drive *(Arista Nashville)* Jackson brings his talents to resonant songs of love, family, and the things that matter most in this time of national hardship. "Designated Drinker," a duet with George Strait, offers thematic respite and finds the two country masters in perfect complement. Most memorable is "Where Were You (When the World Stopped Turning)," a Sept. 11-themed tune that just might make your lower lip quiver. **B+** —*Alanna Nash*

VARIOUS ARTISTS • Caught in the Webb: A Tribute to the Legendary Webb Pierce *(Audium)* At the time of his death in 1991, '50s star Pierce was considered too gaudy, too hillbilly, and too boozy for Nashville. This tribute lovingly resurrects what many had forgotten: his soulful hardcore honky-tonk. The performances by such fans as Emmylou Harris and Del McCoury range from wrenchingly sad to ebulliently joyful. Sheer magic, from the first twin fiddle solo to the last chiming steel guitar. **A** —*AN*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT DE MICHIELL

THE CHARTS

LINKIN LOGS BIG SALES

LINKIN PARK HAD THE BEST-selling album of 2001, according to SoundScan, without ever actually getting past No. 2 in any given week. And if Creed have their way, that won't change. The earnest power trio continues to weather all challenges, holding on to the No. 1 spot for the seventh successive week, with no end in sight to their reign-y season. No major new releases dotted the landscape in these dog days of January, so the top 15 remained fairly static, with most hot sellers simply shifting a position or two. The Grammy nominations had little effect in these climes, though Alicia Keys' three-spot boost may be due to her highly touted six nods.

POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK			WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	**CREED** *Weathered*, Wind-Up	7
2	2	**LINKIN PARK** *Hybrid Theory*, Warner Bros.	63
3	4	**LUDACRIS** *Word of Mouf*, Def Jam	6
4	5	**NICKELBACK** *Silver Side Up*, Roadrunner	17
5	3	**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *NOW That's What I Call Music! 8*, Virgin	7
6	7	**ENYA** *A Day Without Rain*, Reprise	59
7	8	**JA RULE** *Pain Is Love*, Murder Inc./Def Jam	14
8	10	**PINK** *M!ssundaztood*, Arista	7
9	9	**NAS** *Stillmatic*, Ill Will/Columbia	3
10	11	**NO DOUBT** *Rock Steady*, Interscope	4
11	6	**USHER** *8701*, Arista	22
12	13	**SHAKIRA** *Laundry Service*, Epic	8
13	16	**ALICIA KEYS** *Songs in A Minor*, J	28
14	12	**BRITNEY SPEARS** *Britney*, Jive	9
15	17	**ENRIQUE IGLESIAS** *Escape*, Interscope	10

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IN STORES JANUARY 22

ELBOW *Asleep in the Back* **(V2)** Upon its U.K. release, critics gushed over this melancholic debut from the Manchester quintet, nominating it for a prestigious Mercury Music Prize.

FIELDY'S DREAMS *Rock n Roll Gangster* **(Epic)** Korn bassist Fieldy explores his hip-hop side on this solo expedition. The Pharcyde's Tre and Korn frontman Jonathan Davis guest.

BAD RELIGION *The Process of Belief* **(Epitaph)** After nearly a decade on Atlantic, the L.A. punk pioneers reunite with guitarist/Epitaph label owner Brett Gurewitz.

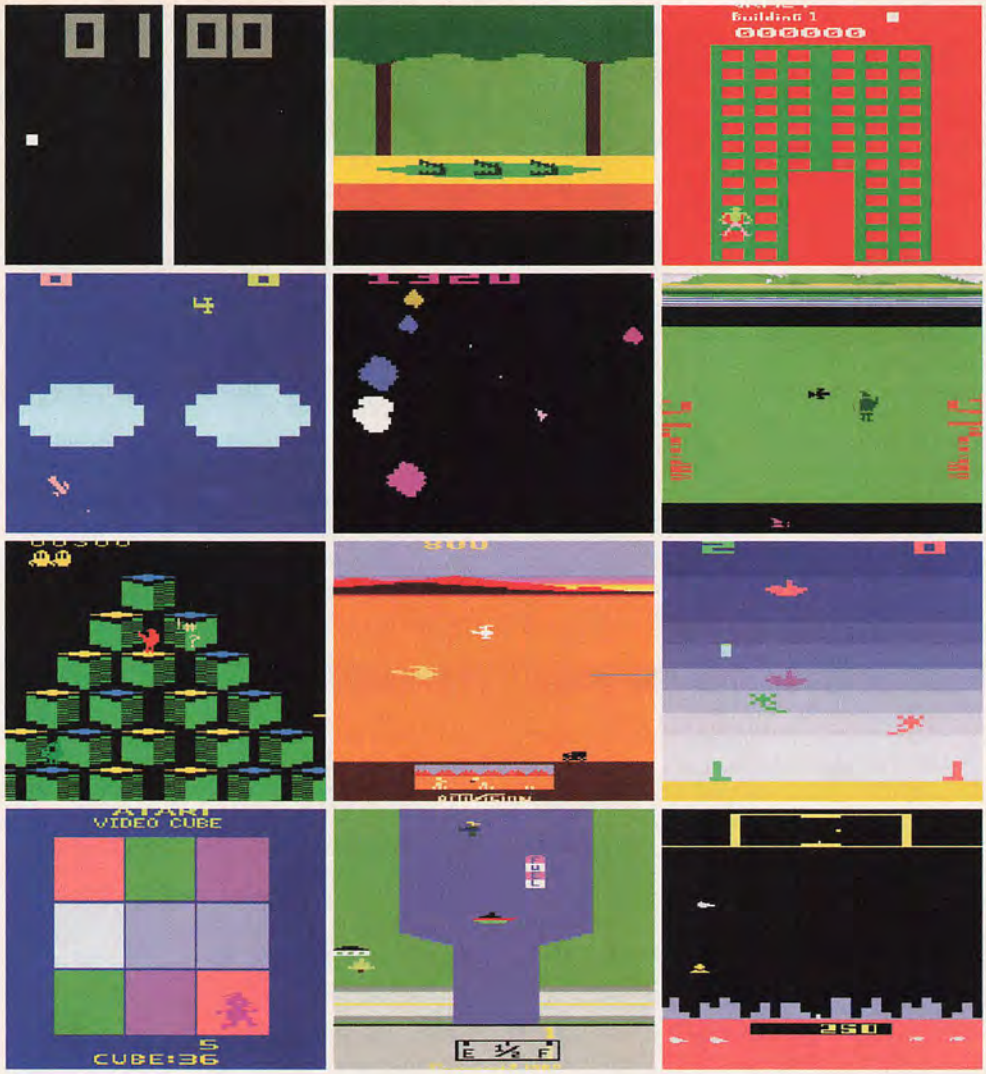
KRS-ONE *Spiritual Minded* **(Koch/In the Paint/Front Page)** The high-minded rap guru adds gospel elements to this collection, which includes "Tears," a song dedicated to victims of the Sept. 11 attacks. Faithful friends B.B. Jay and T-Bone make appearances.

IN THE STUDIO

U2, in Dublin, reportedly recording new material: the follow-up to 2000's Grammy-nominated *All That You Can't Leave Behind* and music for the soundtrack of the upcoming Martin Scorsese movie *Gangs of New York*.

FOO FIGHTERS, working on the sequel to 1999's *There Is Nothing Left to Lose*, at Dave Grohl's home studio in Northern Virginia. Look for the still-untitled disc in early summer.

Old 97's frontman **RHETT MILLER**, in Los Angeles, making his solo debut with producer Jon Brion (Fiona Apple, Aimee Mann). The album is tentatively due in August.



Game Not Over

The Xbox may be cutting edge, but when it comes to mindless fun, it's the old-school games that kick *Asteroids*. **by Glenn Gaslin**

THE VIDEOGAME-CONSOLE war that currently pits Nintendo's GameCube against Microsoft's Xbox and Sony's PlayStation 2 just got a little more fierce. Joining the fray are some battle-tested old-timers, including Atari, ColecoVision, Intellivision—and just about every bit-mappy, low-res game-box from the '70s and '80s. The Net now hosts a vast grassroots revival in vintage systems, with their block graphics and gloriously cheesy 2-D games. What's the big deal? Well, for one, 21st-century consoles may render movielike graphics, but they also recycle proven formulas ad infinitum—*Tony Hawk* or *Star Wars*, anyone? "The graphics get better, but gameplay hasn't changed in years," says Martin Goldberg, editor of the news site Classic Gaming (*classicgaming.com*). "I see more people going back to simpler games or more creative games where the graphics don't matter." Steering clear of the few pitfalls, we explored the Web of retro gaming:

ATARI AGE *(atariage.com)* This site dishes daily on decades-dead Atari consoles, from the once-omnipresent 2600 to the more recent Jaguar. Beyond collecting and playing cartridges, fans write and post "hacks" to update them (one, called *Kabul!*, turns the mad bomber from the '80s cartridge *Kaboom!* into Osama bin Laden). And just last year, this site uncovered what may be The Story of 2001 (well, for Atari freaks): a playable version of a never-released, long-rumored 1983 cartridge based on *The Lord of the Rings*. **A**

CLASSIC GAMING A packed, slick hub for what's most important in old games: *playing* the things. Name a defunct console—Vectrex, Intellivision, Odyssey 2—and you can boot up the original games on your home computer using one of the "emulators" collected here. Most out-of-circulation games—including arcade machines like *Crazy Climber*—now run on one of these emulators, but Goldberg says something is lost blasting *Asteroids* at your desk. "You're not getting the experience of playing the things in the arcade, with your friends," he says, "and for a lot of people, that's where the memory is." **A–**

PONG-STORY *(pong-story.com)* Drama! Intrigue! Patent infringement! Giant machines that play tennis! The strange history of *Pong*, considered by many to be the world's first videogame, is told on this overly comprehensive site, complete with stacks of technical data and photos. From its beginnings as a '60s government-lab contract to its '70s home-system sensation, the story even includes some big-dollar maneuvering between electronics giants Magnavox and Atari. While this site can't definitively tell you who invented the first videogame, there's enough detail, including a how-to page on building your own *Pong*-box, to tear you away from your PS2 for, oh, five or six whole minutes. **B**

ATARIAGE.COM (12)

AND JUSTICE FOR AL... A young Pacino after his 1961 arrest

WHAT to SURF

» Movies

CINEMA DIABOLICO ◆ *(www.onr.com/user/doggz/gallery.htm)* Outlandish monsters, apish males, offensively curved women, and lots of green skin—Mexican art directors knew how to put a movie poster together! Judging from this online gallery of '50s and '60s display art, our southern neighbors out-pulped us with posters for such Hollywood movies as *Las Sanguijuelas Humanas* (*The Brain Eaters*) and *El Monstruo Alado* (*The Deadly Mantis*). It should come as no surprise, then, that Mexico made a national movie hero out of silver-masked wrestler El Santo, star of the impressively postered *Santo en el Hotel de la Muerte*. **A–** —*Gregory Kirschling*

» Television

MARK TWAIN ◆ *(pbs.org/mark twain)* We can only guess what Mark Twain would have made of that great curiosity of modern times, the Internet. Had he seen the outlandishly in-depth companion site to Ken Burns' two-part PBS documentary about him—over 80 separate pages overflow with audio and video clips; rare photographs and illustrations; and extensive excerpts from letters, books, stories, and speeches by the Gilded Age gadabout—something tells us the author of *Tom Sawyer* would have approved. **A** —*Adam B. Vary*

» Music

PERIODIC TABLE OF FUNK ◆ *(www.toshistation.com/funk/funk.htm)* Not all of us were lucky enough to have gone to school in Funkytown. Still, we can always go online and consult Silky Smoove Sensai and his too-cool chart. A silly tribute to all things funky, this table lists the essential elements of funk (like Colt 45 malt liquor and eight-track tapes) along with their magical properties. For example, how many molecules of Dolemite can be added to Fred Sanford before a "Kojak" occurs? Better read up before Silky Smoove has to put an end to your foolish jive. Can ya dig it? **A** —*Malcolm Venable*

» Net Cetera

FAMOUS MUGSHOTS ◆ *(mugshots.org)* Devoted to kicking the rich and famous while they're down, this site features photos of glum celebs culled from police blotters around the world. Here's O.J. Simpson in 1994, accused of murder. There's a sullen Paul Reubens, after his infamous 1991 arrest. Our fave: a baby-faced Al Pacino, popped in 1961 for carrying a concealed weapon. The gallery also includes Bill Gates flashing his "I didn't do nothin'" grin, Keanu Reeves, and more. Now turn to the right. **B** —*Hugh Hart*

More reviews at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

ONLINE MOVIEMAKING 101

SHORTS CIRCUIT

STEVEN SPIELBERG'S POP.COM was meant to be an online film festival. Leonardo DiCaprio's LeoFest.com was supposed to champion unknown filmmakers. But Spielberg and DiCaprio were just two of dozens who tried and failed to make money off websites that would showcase online films. When the big names counted their losses and fled, a few sites remained. Of these, The New Venue (*newvenue.com*) is one of the best. Each month, site founder and indie filmmaker Jason Wishnow selects two shorts as "exemplars of the medium." But perhaps the most useful section of the site is "FlickTips," a primer on creating Web movies. "With a camcorder, a computer, and an Internet connection," says Wishnow, "anyone can be a full production studio and distribute movies." Those hints landed the Web maven a deal to write a how-to book, due out in fall 2002. He's still a long way from Hollywood riches, though: Wishnow's site barely breaks even. As with many an Internet success story, he was never in it just for the money. —*Monica Mehta*

CYBERTALK

"The entire...experience has profoundly adjusted my point of view of the world.... I was with Nelson Mandela and his wife in South Africa.... I said, 'It's a head trip living in the majority. [*Laughs*] It feels great to be in a country where if [*Ali*'s Caucasian director] Michael Mann and I get in a fight, when the police come, they're going to shoot *him*!'" —WILL SMITH, sharing his impressions of filming in Africa, on E! Online

"I'd love to be able to do that, but we...could never figure out a way to get the postproduction on each of the films done in six months, because they're so complicated and there's so many...computer shots." —*Lord of the Rings* director PETER JACKSON, on why you won't see the second film of the *Ring* trilogy this summer, on Reel.com

PACINO: ST. MARTIN'S PRESS/AP/WIDE WORLD; NEWVENUE.COM (2); SMITH: GEORGE HOLZ PHOTOGRAPHY/CORBIS OUTLINE

Copping Appeal

ENCORE **NBC's police drama *Hill Street Blues* began arresting viewers 21 years ago.** **by Caroline Kepnes**

THE FINEST'S HOUR *Hill Street Blues'* motley cast gave cop shows new color

IN THE EARLY '80S, THE TELEVISION LANDSCAPE skewed to extremes. There was the ludicrously light (*Dallas*, *The Dukes of Hazzard*) and a kind of madcap realism (*M*A*S*H*, *The Jeffersons*) with little in between. But things changed on Jan. 15, 1981, when NBC rolled out *Hill Street Blues*, a show built on the somewhat fearsome notion that cops—flawed and frightened—are people too.

Set in a fictional city loosely resembling Chicago, *Hill Street* depicted the full range of urban crimes and misdemeanors, but focused on the way those crimes affected the men and women charged with fighting them. The cops were a brittle bunch whose "leader," Captain Furillo (Daniel J. Travanti), had an ex-wife (Barbara Bosson) who hated him and a secret relationship with a public defender (Veronica Hamel).

Hill Street's cocreator Steven Bochco still laughs recalling the way the series got greenlit: "We didn't want to do a cop show. Michael [Kozoll, my cocreator,] and I said we'd only do it if they gave us creative autonomy.... The only reason we got that kind of control was that in a moment of need...NBC sort of agreed to it. We held them accountable to that promise every day."

Hill Street's revolutionary style—much of the series was shot with a jittery immediacy that would become de rigueur for TV vérité—and large ensemble cast broke ground, but also alienated audiences who, by and large, favored ABC's fluffier *Fantasy Island*. NBC was already the least watched network of the Big Three, but president Fred Silverman had a hunch about *Hill Street* as Emmy time approached. "Fred gave us an early pickup [*before* the nominations came out]," remembers Bochco, whose show received a then-record 21 Emmy nods in its first season. Viewers warmed up to it as well, especially after *Hill Street* moved to Thursdays. "If you did a show like *Hill Street* today, getting the kind of ratings it [initially] got, it wouldn't survive half a season," adds Bochco.

Survive it did, for another six years, until *Hill Street* hit a ratings dead end. It came as no surprise, since Kozoll and Bochco, the show's creative pioneers, had already left (by 1985, Bochco was at work on his next big hit, *L.A. Law*). So, despite a total of 26 Emmy wins, 1987's episode 146 was goodbye: The Hill Street station burned down. As the credits rolled, the show's melancholy theme played for the last time, but prime-time drama would be forever changed. "To me, everything we did on *Hill Street* was of a piece," says Bochco, who now exec-produces ABC's *NYPD Blue* and *Philly*. "When you do something different that becomes a cultural icon, people copy it and refine it and make it better. I think that's great. That's what keeps it all going." ■

HILL STREET BLUES: GLOBE PHOTOS

TIME CAPSULE ◆ JANUARY 15, 1981

AT THE MOVIES, David Cronenberg's cult horror flick *Scanners* invades the minds of moviegoers. **IN MUSIC,** five weeks after his death, John Lennon tops the *Billboard* charts with the single "(Just Like) Starting Over" and the LP *Double Fantasy* (right). **IN BOOKSTORES,** scores of readers take a trip through Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*, which is No. 1 in the *New York Times*' nonfiction universe. **AND IN THE NEWS,** the Iranian hostage crisis heats up as President-elect Reagan prepares for his inauguration. The captives were freed five days later, the same day as Reagan's swearing in.

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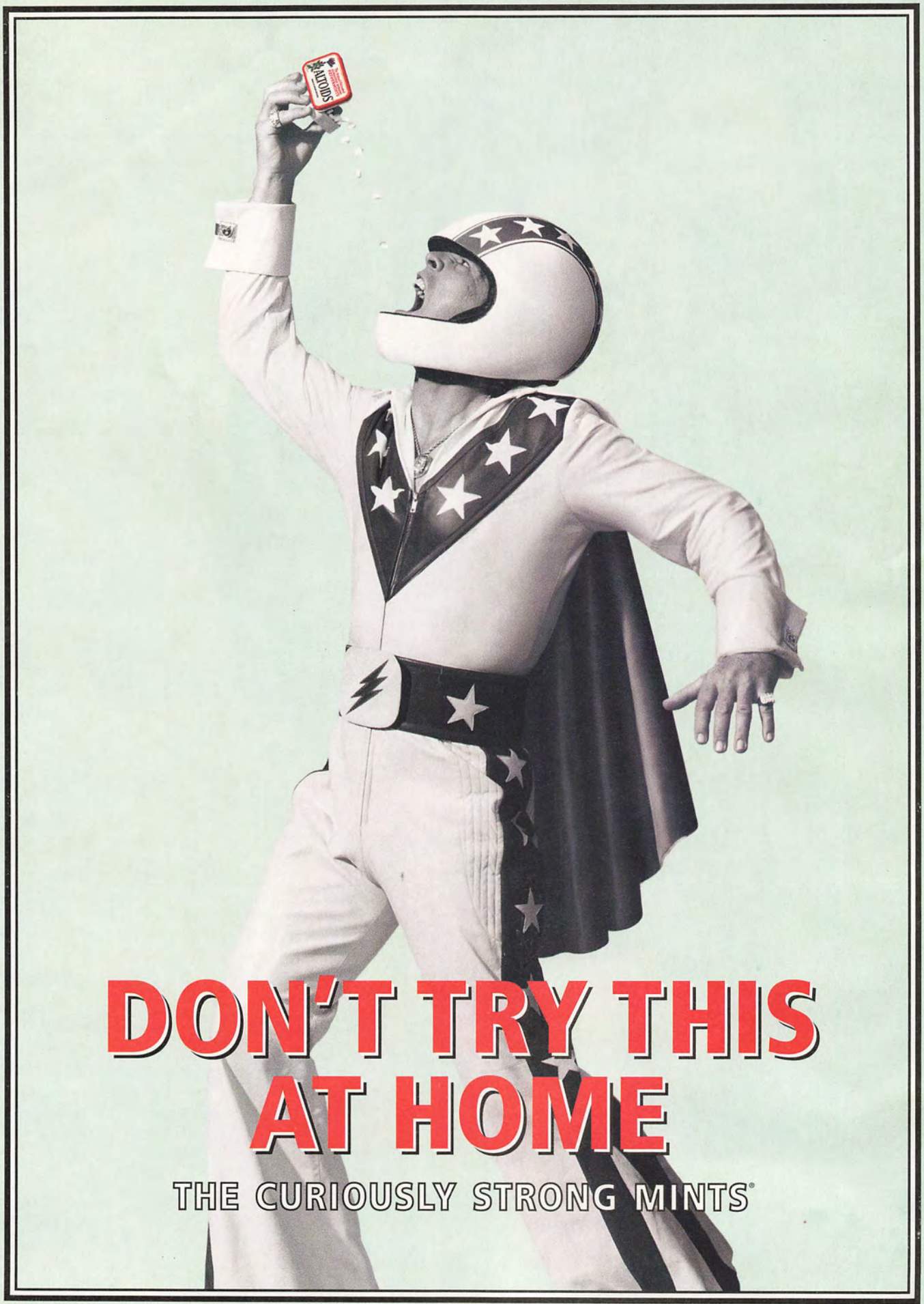

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